

CORONET

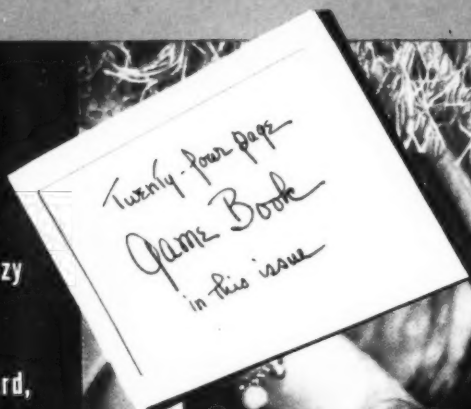
The Odds
n Going Crazy

ook Homeward,
Hollywood

ghshares as Swords
Secretary Wallace

The Coronet
Gallery of
aster Photographs

1 Other Features



OCTOBER, 1940

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6



In this issue:

Articles

| | | |
|---|---------------------------|----|
| The Odds on Going Crazy | MICHAEL EVANS | 3 |
| Our Rendezvous with Hitler | JULIAN S. BACH, JR. | 9 |
| Ploughshares as Swords | HENRY AGARD WALLACE | 15 |
| Portrait of Louise Dahl-Wolfe | ROBERT W. MARKS | 32 |
| The Native within Our Gates | LOUIS ZARA | 39 |
| Little Red Schoolhouse | LOUISE & WILLIAM STEPHENS | 46 |
| The Death Beat | KENT SAGENDORPH | 51 |
| Look Homeward, Hollywood | MARTIN LEWIS | 91 |

Short Stories

| | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|-----|
| Trouble in the Family | LOUIS ZARA | 99 |
| God in Red Neon | HARRIETT SHERWOOD | 135 |

Features

| | |
|--|-----|
| Four Art Reproductions | 19 |
| Heroes of the Horsehide: <i>Portfolio of Personalities</i> | 23 |
| The Gallery of Photographs | 55 |
| Business as Usual: <i>Eight Animal Photographs</i> | 83 |
| The Coronet Game Book | 103 |

Miscellany

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Your Other Life | 13 |
| There's Money in It | 30 |
| Carleton Smith's Corner | 44 |
| Forgotten Mysteries | 97 |
| They Got the Job | 133 |
| Not of Our Species | 140 |

Cover: Color Photograph by Avery Slack

CORONET, OCTOBER, 1940; VOL. 8, NO. 6; WHOLE NO. 48

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart, Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright, 1940, by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.

IS THERE MORE CHANCE TODAY
THAN EVER BEFORE THAT
YOU WILL LOSE YOUR MIND?



THE ODDS ON GOING CRAZY

by MICHAEL EVANS

LOTS of people worry about going crazy.

They lie awake nights thinking about it. They twist and turn and can't get to sleep. They worry so much that they begin to think they will worry themselves into a lunacy ward. That makes it twice as bad. They read in the papers that insanity is spreading like a prairie fire. They hear that modern civilization is so complex, the pace so swift, the stress so severe, that the mind's machinery no longer can stand the strain. First thing they know their nerves begin to crack.

What these people are suffering from is insomnia. But that doesn't keep visions of asylums, of the rubber hose, the truncheon and the strait jacket from stalking their nightmares. Let's lay that fear right now. Such horrors are

disappearing from progressive America. They are vanishing under the impact of a discovery as revolutionary and sensational as medical history records—a discovery to rank with those of Koch, Pasteur, Ehrlich, Walter Reed and the rest.

It is simply this:

Mental disease can be cured.

Mental disease can be prevented.

This discovery has dawned gradually over a period of years. No one has cried it from the house tops. It hasn't flashed over the horizon like sulfanilamide or insulin. It has grown solidly, sturdily and quietly like a great oak in the forest of disease. That doesn't mean doctors yet can cure all mental ailments. After all people still die of smallpox a hundred years and more after

vaccine was discovered. But each year the percentage of cures is rising. Contrast this with a world in which mental disease could neither be cured nor prevented—the world in which your grandfather lived and into which your father and mother and very possibly you yourself were born.

If you had lost your mind a generation or so ago you might have been locked away in a garret room under the eaves where your existence would have been a festering secret in the family.

Or you might have been carted off to an asylum there to live in a room with iron bars and burly keepers to give you the water cure or a strait jacket if you raised a row.

No one would have tried to lead your mind back from its tortured, dark corridors. No one knew why a mind lost its reason. No one knew how to keep it healthy or return it to sanity.

The other day an elderly man was brought into a Georgia hospital. He talked and raved. Two attendants could hardly keep him quiet. You or I would have said he was "out of his mind." Medically speaking, his symptoms indicated senile dementia—the breaking down of the mind in old age. Two Georgia physicians had

been experimenting with a new drug called nicotinic acid, a specific developed for treating pellagra. Sometimes in severe pellagra cases there is irrationality like that of senile dementia. The Georgia doctors had a hunch. Fifteen minutes after getting the dose of nicotinic acid the old man was sitting up in bed, chatting easily and freely—just as sane and sound as he'd ever been in his life.

That was spectacular. It surprised even the doctors. They don't hope for cures like that very often but the nicotinic acid miracle is typical of the vistas which everyday medical science is opening up.

Do you remember Benjamin Franklin's story of the old Quaker who said to his wife:

"Martha, the whole world is mad except thee and me and sometimes I think that even thee are a little mad."

The calamity mongers will tell you that Ben Franklin's Quaker was right. They say that more than half the hospital beds in America are now devoted to mental cases, that the percentage is rising all the time.

The gloomy gentlemen will lead you into the third-grade classroom of Public School No. 43. They will show you forty

bright-eyed youngsters busy with their Elson readers—forty little boys and girls learning to write, to read, to spell and do numbers.

"Look at those youngsters," they will say, darkly. "Happy, aren't they? Not a care in the world. That's what *you* think. Before they die two of those little kids will be confined to mental institutions. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Or they will bring up the record of the World War and the famous "shell shock" cases that still crowd the government veterans' hospitals. They will predict that new brigades of the insane will be mustered when the wars now ravaging the world are over.

Such talk sounds ominous. It has a convincing ring and the fact is statistics do show an increasing population of mental institutions. But a set of figures is one thing. The interpretation is another. Does insanity actually loom as a larger and larger menace? Is there really more chance that you will lose your mind today than in the peaceful 1900's?

The answer of the psychiatrists, the persons who devote their lives to the study of mental illness, is no—a flat *no*. Listen to the opin-

ion of Dr. Winfred Overholser, distinguished superintendent of the huge St. Elizabeth's mental hospital in Washington, D. C.

He says that more and more patients who would have had no care twenty or thirty years ago are now being treated in the hospitals. He says the population of hospitals for the insane is growing because insanity is now treated scientifically. He says there are other factors, too. Our population is growing older. Insanity strikes most frequently among the aged. There are twice as many persons sixty-five years old and older in the country than in 1900. That means there are about twice as many aged insane. Our population is growing larger. Each year adds a million to a million and a half. Naturally, the larger the population the larger the total of the insane.

That's an answer to the bugaboo of the mounting number of hospitalized insane. There is nothing in those figures to indicate that the chances that you or I will lose our minds is any greater than ever.

Nor is "shell shock" anything to lose sleep over. "Shell shock" was one of those catch-all terms popularly used to describe a whole grab bag of mental ills.

What happened in 1917-18 was this:

Johnny Smith was a moody, unsocial lad of twenty. He never did well in school and he didn't get along with the neighborhood gang because he had queer streaks. The draft swept Johnny into the Army. Medical examiners tested his lungs, his heart and his kidneys. His I.Q. was low but not too low. They found nothing wrong and passed him on into the training camp. Johnny was quiet and obeyed orders. Suddenly one day he started to talk strangely. A few hours later he went berserk on company row—one more recruit to the ranks of the shell-shocked. True, Johnny was never in action, never under shell-fire, but his mind cracked.

Johnny is one of thousands. After the war psychiatrists made an exhaustive study of this strange "shell shock." What they found was this. Large numbers of potential mental cases had been drafted into the Army. Johnny and the other lads like him were headed for a crack-up. If they hadn't been in uniform, it would have happened back in the home town.

Today Johnny would not be passed blithely into a uniform just because he didn't have a weak heart. A psychiatric examination

would have revealed the quirks in his mental process at the start and Johnny would have been treated.

How is this accomplished? How do doctors keep our minds in good health? How do they treat mental quirks before they become serious mental illness? How do they keep us from going crazy?

The basic idea is simple. Mental troubles don't spring full-blown out of the air. There is always a definite, specific cause. The psychiatrist works like any other doctor. He examines your symptoms, probes for the causes and seeks to correct them. The important thing in psychiatry—as in medicine—is to start the treatment at the earliest moment.

Suppose Johnny had been taken in hand by a psychiatrist instead of being rushed into uniform. The doctor would have talked with Johnny to find out why he was moody, why he didn't get on with people. He would have explored Johnny's life. Then he would explain to Johnny why he was afraid and why he was moody. He would lay out a program to bring back Johnny's confidence, to launch him slowly and easily out into the world again. It might take months to bring Johnny back to normal. After all it took years

to develop his psychosis.

But the treatment would work. Just as it does work for thousands of Johnnys every day in the year.

The human being is a complicated machine. He lives in a complicated world. There is bound to be wear and tear. The wear and tear increases when our reactions to life are out of kilter just as it does in an automobile with loose gaskets or carbon in the valves. The psychiatrist grinds down our mental piston rings, adjusts our psychological timer, tightens up loose knuckles in the steering gear, and possibly puts in a new set of mental sparkplugs.

Major mental ills, of course, are another matter.

A few years ago maladies like dementia praecox, schizophrenia and manic-depressive insanity were the most depressing on the calendar. Medicine was simply baffled by cases such as this:

A young man is making a fine record in a bank. He is on the road to promotion. Suddenly he tells his friends that he has been made vice-president. He talks mysteriously about "big deals" and offers to let them in on the "ground floor." The bank hears of this and fires him. His stories get more grandiose than ever. His discharge was "a plot by the

international bankers." Reluctantly the young man's friends realize what has happened and have him committed to an institution for the rest of his days. His brilliant career is wrecked and he is doomed to spend his life in a hospital.

That is, he was so doomed up to three or four years ago.

Today the chances are the young man will be back at work in a few months or possibly a year.

He has an even or better chance of being cured by one of the spectacular new methods of treatment.

One of these is the "shock" treatment. Insulin, metrazol or camphor is injected and these powerful drugs cause violent seizures like those of epilepsy. They are painful and terrifying. Patients say that it is like a lightning flash through the brain. A coma quickly follows. The injections are repeated for several weeks. This drastic method does not benefit all patients but it does cure some and improves others, particularly when given within a few months of the onset of the disease. Even newer and more experimental is an electric shock method to accomplish the same result obtained from insulin and metrazol. Electrodes are applied to the pa-

tient's head above the ears and a low voltage shock is administered. The effect is much the same as with the injections and "considerable success" is cautiously reported by experimenters at the New York State Psychiatric Institute.

Another brand-new treatment is the "total push" method. Only a couple of years old it seems to give results as good as the "shock" technique. The idea is to Blitzkrieg the patient back to normal with intensive occupational therapy. The job may be gardening, wood-working or beauty culture but it must be complex enough to arouse interest and simple enough to insure success. Physicians, nurses and attendants fan each spark of normalcy to flame. Soon—if the treatment is working—the patient is so busy that his psychosis begins to fade.

Yet with techniques as effective as these already in use and the possibility of others even more far-reaching on the horizon, people who would call for the doctor at the first sign of fever or a mild furr on the tongue blandly try to treat mental disturbances with "a little sound advice."

Today for the first time in human history the chances are better than even that science can keep you from insanity or cure your case if you lose your mind.

So remember: If worry is getting you down, if your mind is upset, if you feel that the world is too much for you—don't take five extra Scotch highballs, a double sleeping potion at night or jump off the high bridge—pay a visit to a psychiatrist and let him find the trouble. Your dividend will be mental happiness.

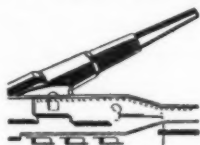
LEGAL NOTE

DURING a case in which Paul Schenck, brilliant Pacific Coast lawyer was involved, the opposition attorney was prevented time and again by legal technicalities from introducing vital evidence favorable to his client. Finally, his nerves frayed,

he shouted angrily: "Common sense demands that this testimony should be admitted." Schenck leaped to his feet. "But this is not common sense, your Honor," he cried, "this is law." His objection was sustained.

—HERMAN KRIMMEL

A SUMMING UP, INDICATING
THAT THE TRIAL BALANCE COULD
BE FAR, FAR WORSE THAN IT IS



OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH HITLER

by JULIAN S. BACH, JR.

THROUGH no choice of their own, the American people constitute one of the last barriers that stand between a 51-year-old vegetarian with a funny little mustache and world domination. In gloomy anticipation of the day when Hitler tries forcibly to remove this barrier, we are in the process of spending some ten billion dollars to rearm and limit his ambitions. Large as this sum may now seem, it is only the initiation fee that must be paid if we are eventually to belong to that increasingly exclusive club of nations who through their armed might are able to control their destinies.

After the last new battleship has been fitted and the last gun towed into place, we shall have become a rather formidable opponent for even Hitler. But whatever our future strength in ships

and weapons, they will only represent part of our total strength—or total weakness. Whether we are to remain high on a perch or fall low into oblivion will depend largely upon those Great Imponderables which help settle the fate of nations and which have less to do with tanks than with traditions, bullets than ballots, guns than guts.

In terms of the Great Imponderables the United States meets Hitler on more equal footing than did either Britain or France. Against us Hitler loses at the outset two of the most imponderable weapons which for seven bitter years served him well against the Allies. Greatest of these is the desire for revenge, which in twenty-two years has lifted Germany from defeat to delirium. This spirit which once helped

France conquer Germany after the disastrous Franco-Prussian War, Germany has enjoyed against France and Britain since 1918. With its help Hitler seized power and in it his followers found justification to sacrifice butter for guns. It is the one heritage which the vanquished salvage from defeat. In the winning of wars, victors lose it. In the winning of this war Germany is already quenching much of her thirst for revenge.

To whip his people into any future crusade against America Hitler will have to exploit some less irresistible emotion than pure revenge. Our part in the World War was fleeting; our part in the Treaty of Versailles slim. At best the German people fear us. At worst they hate us. Inevitably, the white heat of German vengeance which scorched the Allies will be a less compelling flame by the time it reaches us.

The second Great Imponderable advantage that Germany in due time exploited was the Treaty of Versailles. From a military point of view it proved to be a Frankenstein monster of Allied making. The very stringency of its repressive military clauses insured Germany that if and when she rearmcd, her rearmament would

start from scratch. Forced by circumstance to rebuild the German army from the bootstraps up, Hitler was able to turn out the most thoroughly standardized war-machine the world has ever seen. By getting into the arms race late the Germans were able to benefit from all the experimentation and improvements that had gone on before. As a still later starter Uncle Sam can now turn the tables on Adolf. Our very lack of modern material, especially for the army, should enable us to equip ourselves with only the latest and the best. Meanwhile Hitler will emerge from this war with a tremendous amount of material that must inevitably become obsolete. This gives us the rare chance—if we seize it—to outblitz the Blitzkrieg.

The U. S. is also in the enviable position of a schoolboy who on the eve of a big exam gets a peek at the list of questions that will be asked the next day. For seven years we have witnessed the foreboding shape of things to come. The dictators may still have new tricks up their sleeves, but a great deal of their sleight-of-hand has lost its mystery. We have watched the magician from Berlin pull parachute troops, Fifth Columns and even Trojan Horses like rab-

bits out of his hat. We now know what Munichs mean. We have seen how pregnable "impregnable" fortifications are. The controversy between air and sea power has been partly solved for us. At a distance we should be able to sniff the difference between a Haakon and a Leopold, a Chamberlain and a Churchill. It would be a calumny to suggest that the American people and their leaders are so stupid that they now leave this seven-year preview without at least some understanding of what the show is all about.

A further imponderable advantage which we enjoy, and which was denied to both Britain and France, lies in the geographical bounds that limit our position as a world power. Our vital national interests are less widespread than those of far-flung Britain or France. America's anatomy is such that we simply do not have as many necks to stick out as the Allies had.

On the other hand, we are imponderably burdened by the necessity of having to defend the most defenseless continent in the world—South America—together with the better-defended but equally spacious stretches of Canada, Alaska and Greenland. Even

when our own North American fortress is fully garrisoned, we shall find ourselves surrounded to the south by shockingly unarmed neighbors who almost without exception are incipient Fascist states. Canada excepted, it is most unlikely that any of our hemisphere neighbors will ever possess an army even equal to the Four-Day Dutch, fortifications even approaching the Belgian, sharpshooters as eagle-eyed as the Norwegians. No matter how well we keep our own house in order, the houses down the street will be potential fire-traps.

Unlike the Allies who under Baldwin and Blum, Chamberlain and Daladier first faced Hitler with inferior leaders who trailed behind a more advanced public opinion, the United States is not handicapped by ill-advised leadership. Our problem is somewhat reversed. Our leaders—including many Republicans—have been consistently more alive to the danger of Hitlerism than our people. If public opinion has now at last caught up with its leaders, it is to be hoped that it will not suffer a future relapse and play ostrich again in the sands of Arizona. Our immediate good fortune is that we move into the future with Roosevelts and Will-

kies instead of Chamberlains, Cordell Hulls instead of George Bonnets and Bill Bullitts instead of Sir Nevile Hendersons. No important American publisher columnist or foreign correspondent has so far whitewashed Hitler because of his known kindness to children (German, "Aryan," Nazi) and animals (all breeds), welcomed the resurgence of German might as a peaceful portent, or slapped Mussolini on the back simply because he makes the trains run on time.

Our danger comes less from the social, political and economic upper-crust, which in Europe gave Hitler some of his best appeasers and Fifth Columnists, than from those who missed the Mayflower by many years. What bubbles of seething discontent the Fascist dictators can stir up at the bottom of the American melting pot depends largely upon how much longer we will persist in permitting Bunds and Communists to turn hard-won native liberties into foreign-instigated license. If we keep on along this foolhardy line, we shall be inviting Hitler to another Dutch treat.

Among the lesser imponderables which on "M" Day may tilt the scales of battle for or against us are on the credit side

our relative lack of any strongly entrenched pacifist movements such as Britain's Oxford Peace pledgers, and our innate mechanical-mindedness which should make us feel almost as much at home in a tank as in an automobile. On the debit side we may find ourselves weakened by the premium, justified in the past, which we place upon short working hours and "getting fun out of life" when the paramount need is more work and less pleasure. We, who as a nation number one civil war, several floods and a truly fearful World War flu epidemic as our greatest national catastrophes, may also find it psychologically difficult to realize day by day just how menaced our national security now is. As a people we have invariably looked down upon "furriners" and we may easily underestimate the ruthless abilities of foreign foes.

These then are some of our imponderable weaknesses, of our even greater imponderable strengths. In our rendezvous with Hitler and with any allies he may choose to bring against us, we shall find that given the proper military equipment, training and leadership the chances are that the American people will prove their imponderable greatness.

Perhaps civilized man is ashamed of living a double life. At any rate he has discarded the tradition of savages that his dream life is real. However, all of us still have adventures—"real" or not—in that other life. Herewith are presented a few.

YOUR OTHER LIFE

A BABYLONIAN priest came to Prof. H. V. Hilprecht in a dream and offered to explain the meaning of certain cuneiform characters which had baffled him. The characters were engraved on two fragments of agate, which had been found by Professor Hilprecht while delving among Babylonian ruins.

In his dream Professor Hilprecht accepted the priest's offer of help, and was thereupon led to the treasure-chamber of the temple which he had been excavating. The priest then explained that the fragments of agate had come from this place, but they were parts of the same inscription, and should be joined together instead of being read separately.

On awakening, Professor Hilprecht joined the tablets in the manner the priest had suggested. At once the meaning of the characters became clear.

Our sleeping selves may dramatize solutions to problems—or are there still deeper mysteries?



PROBABLY history would not have been greatly altered even if someone *had* taken John Williams's dream seriously. The dream was recorded in affidavit form.

In 1812 Williams was living at his country house in Cornwall. Being en-

grossed in urgent personal matters, he paid no attention to politics, and scarcely knew who formed the government.

Then on the third day of May he dreamed that while he was in the cloakroom of the House of Commons he saw a small man dressed in a snuff-colored coat shoot another man in the breast. Upon enquiring as to the name of the victim, he learned that he was Spencer Perceval, then the Prime Minister.

At this point Williams woke up and told his dream to his wife. She treated the matter lightly, and he went back to sleep. Again he dreamed the same dream. Again he woke up. For the third time he fell asleep, and for the third time he dreamed the identical dream.

The following day he told friends that he thought he should go to London to warn the Prime Minister of his danger. On being laughed at, he gave up the idea.

On May 11, 1812, Perceval was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons. He was shot in the breast by a madman who fancied he had a grievance.



IN HER other life of dreams Joseph Conrad's wife saw her husband—who was at that time in another city—driving in a hansom cab. Suddenly the cab skidded on a wet stretch of

road, and Conrad pitched out onto the road.

The following morning Mrs. Conrad returned to the rooms where she and her husband were staying. Their servant opened the door, and with a grave face, began:

"Your husband has been involved in an accident, madame, a hansom skidded . . ."

"Yes," Mrs. Conrad interrupted, "I know."



THE PIGEON which flew into Arthur Train's dream had a woman's face and red lips. It settled on Train's wrist, and said: "My name is Wilhelmina."

Next morning Train told his wife the dream. Neither of them had ever known a person named Wilhelmina. That evening they attended a performance by Houdini, whom Train had never seen perform.

Houdini came on the stage, and immediately snapped his fingers. At this signal, several pigeons flew from the wings. One settled on his wrist. Turning towards the audience, and looking directly at Train, Houdini said:

"Her name is Wilhelmina."

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

SECRETARY WALLACE REVIEWS OUR
AGRICULTURAL FORCES AND FINDS THEM
REASSURINGLY WELL-PREPARED



PLOUGHSHARES AS SWORDS

by HENRY AGARD WALLACE

AMERICAN agriculture is better prepared today to take the shock of changing conditions, either international or domestic, than it ever has been before.

For the first time, the United States now has a national farm program which brings the farming industry together in an effective nation-wide organization that has both strength and elasticity.

For the first time, the nation now has the machinery through which farmers can gear their production to whatever the situation requires. Farmers are equally prepared to meet a drought emergency, a further loss in export markets, a sudden call for more food abroad, or increased demand resulting from re-employment at home.

As a buffer to cushion the shock of any sudden crisis, our country

has large reserve supplies of food and fiber stored away in bins and warehouses widely distributed over the commercial producing areas. These reserves make up the nation's ever-normal granary, and can be drawn upon, whenever needed.

On July 1, we had on hand nearly 300,000,000 bushels of wheat—a reserve supply ample for our 131,000,000 people for a period of about seven months at the normal rate of consumption. These stocks represent a reserve that is nearly three times our normal supply carried over from one year to the next. In addition, the new crop of wheat, harvested this summer, will provide food for another thirteen months, besides feed for livestock and seed for next year's crop. In other words, the reserves carried over from last

year, plus this year's crop give us a supply that would last our nation nearly two years.

On July 1, we had about a billion bushels of corn in warehouses, farm cribs, and steel bins held by the Government—enough to feed this country's livestock for between five and six months at the average rate of consumption. The crop now growing, estimated at 2,400,000,000 bushels, should increase our margin of safety by another twelve months at least—by which time another crop would be on the way. In terms of human food, this corn, for livestock feeding, represents substantial reserves of meat, eggs, poultry, milk, butter, cheese, and other important items.

To guard against future damage to this country's topsoil—from which comes our supplies of food and fiber—more than six million farmers today are co-operating in the most comprehensive soil conservation program ever set up in any nation, a program in which the government is actively working with the farmers in a scientific as well as material way.

In the organization and efficiency of its farmers, the nation today is in much better shape than it ever has been in times of peace or times of emergency. Only a few

years ago, American farmers experienced the worst depression in the history of farming, but it was from that misfortune that their present organization grew.

These are reassuring facts for the American citizen to keep in mind as his thoughts turn toward the subject of national defense in this hour of world-wide turmoil and uncertainty.

Any nation's economy always rests on the foundation of its agriculture. While a nation may perish without vision, its entire structure crumbles unless its agriculture is kept strong and productive. Food and clothing are necessities of life. I need not point out that they are absolutely essential to all industrial and defense activities.

Never before has organization been as important as in this topsyturvy world of today. It has become necessary not only to economic well-being but to existence. Without it, neither prosperity nor strong national defense is possible.

As is well known, agriculture in times past has been weakest of all in this prime essential. Farmers have suffered on account of their failure to pool their strength when other social groups were powerfully organized, and the nation has been deprived of the benefits

that could have come from co-ordinated effort on the part of this large group of producers.

The disastrous dust storms of 1934, which caused such widespread suffering and destruction, were a striking result of the lack of co-ordinated farm action in the past. Plains of the Middle West were indiscriminately plowed up and sowed to grain during the first World War. After that War, when the markets for farm products shrank and the need for this large acreage disappeared, a rational farm policy would have called for the retirement of these areas from cultivation, returning them to grass and cover crops which would have held the soil in place.

Today, I am glad to say, there is no need of a repetition of such a mistake. The farmers now have a national soil conservation program under which they have shifted to grass many thousands of acres not needed for crops. Under this program, they have protected their soil and built up its fertility. Throughout the country, they are banded together in nearly 3,000 county agricultural conservation associations. Without having to plow up any land unsuited to cultivation, they are prepared to produce whatever amounts of

food and fiber might be needed.

The Farm Program not only provides for abundant production but includes effective means for getting this abundance to those who need it most. Farm surpluses, particularly of such commodities as vegetables, eggs, butter, fruits, and some meats and grains are being distributed through the Food Stamp Plan, the School Lunch Program, and through State welfare agencies.

From the viewpoint of national defense, as well as from the viewpoint of the welfare of the individual, it is highly important that foods of this sort form a regular part of the diet of all our people. Wheat may be the "staff of life," but these foods rich in vitamins and minerals play an essential part as health-builders in the nation's diet.

They are the foods that help fortify the human system against strains. They give resilience and power to resist disease. The benefit they bring to human beings often means the difference between success and failure. They are the first line of defense of the individual's health.

But unfortunately, they are the foods which many of the needy families as well as many of the lower income families have been

unable to obtain, because all their food money has had to be spent for the staple necessities without which life could not go on.

The double tragedy of the situation has been that these are among the products which often pile up on the farmer's hands and in the markets, creating the paradox of a market glut in the midst of hunger.

During the last year, however, the success of the Food Stamp Plan has made it possible to effect the distribution of these foods through the channels of private trade. The Food Stamp Plan is already operating in more than a hundred American cities. This Plan gives the nation a threefold benefit, in that it helps dispose of farm surpluses, provides more and better food for needy people, and helps business.

The School Lunch Program operates by using surpluses acquired through direct purchase. At the peak of the last school year, nearly 3,000,000 school children, members of the low-income families, were receiving nourishing noon lunches free at schools all over the country.

The Cotton Stamp Plan, recently put into operation experimentally, operates in a manner similar to the Food Stamp Plan. It enables low-income families,

unable to buy the cotton products they need, to have more cotton clothing and household articles.

Efforts through the Farm Program to make greater use of scientific research are now more important to the whole nation. Scientific research has always had a prominent place among the Federal services for farmers. It has led continuously to more efficient production at lower costs and to the development of a wide variety of industrial uses for agricultural products, by-products, and wastes.

In recent years this research program has been greatly expanded. In connection with the expansion of research to develop new industrial uses for farm products, four regional research laboratories are being established. These modern research laboratories, staffed with capable scientists, are available to serve the nation, and can direct their efforts, if needed, toward problems of producing essential materials that may not continue to be available from foreign sources.

The organization of agriculture which has enabled farmers and Government to move quickly to meet changing conditions and changing needs in the past is evidence that agriculture is prepared for the future.





COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK



NO MORE MOWING BY JOHN S. DE MARTELLY



PETE BUCK

Charles B. Wilson

Three Lithographs

by Charles B. Wilson
(TSUN GA NI)



PORTRAIT OF A WILD INDIAN

Chas. B. Wilson



MEAL TIME AT A QUAPAU POW WOW

Chas. B. Wilson

HEROES OF THE HORSEHIDE

by JOHN P. CARMICHAEL

ONCE, to every man, there comes a moment when he walks with the gods; a moment when he is caught up by destiny and catapulted into the niche reserved for immortals. Sometimes the lightest touch lifts him above the rank and file; then, again, he may be dragged from obscurity, hailed briefly in a fickle public's adulation and promptly released to the dim memories of a forgetful posterity.

We speak, of course, of sport. The man may get up off the floor at the count of nine, as did Jim Braddock one sultry night against Corn Griffith in Yankee Stadium and go on from there, as he did, to win the heavy-weight championship of the world. "He" may be a team, like the Notre Dame eleven of 1935, coming from behind with seconds remaining to beat, 18-14, the greatest Ohio machine in two decades.

But this is October. Poets have called it the saddest month of all the

year, the month when things green begin to curl brown at the edges, when summer feels a catch in its throat, when old folks wince at the thought that another winter is not so far away. But in October baseball comes into its own as a nation's premier attraction. Like a stumpy candle, flaring high just before it is gutted, baseball's last days of the year flame hottest and brightest in the annual World Series, where heroes are born.

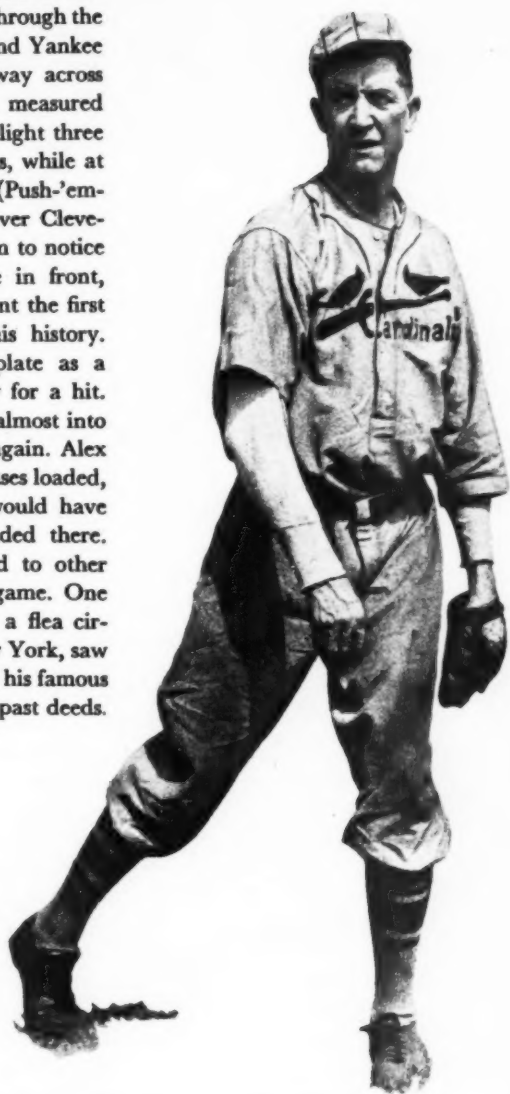
Another October rolls around. To what unheralded, unsung player, who rarely rises above the daily box score, will Fate make amends by granting him a temporary lease on fame? Or will he be some established star who but climaxes a brilliant season or an entire career as he roars down the glory road on the strength of a pitching arm or a mighty bat or a flash of fire from his steel-spiked shoes? Let us turn back the clock and bring back some of those bright yesteryears.



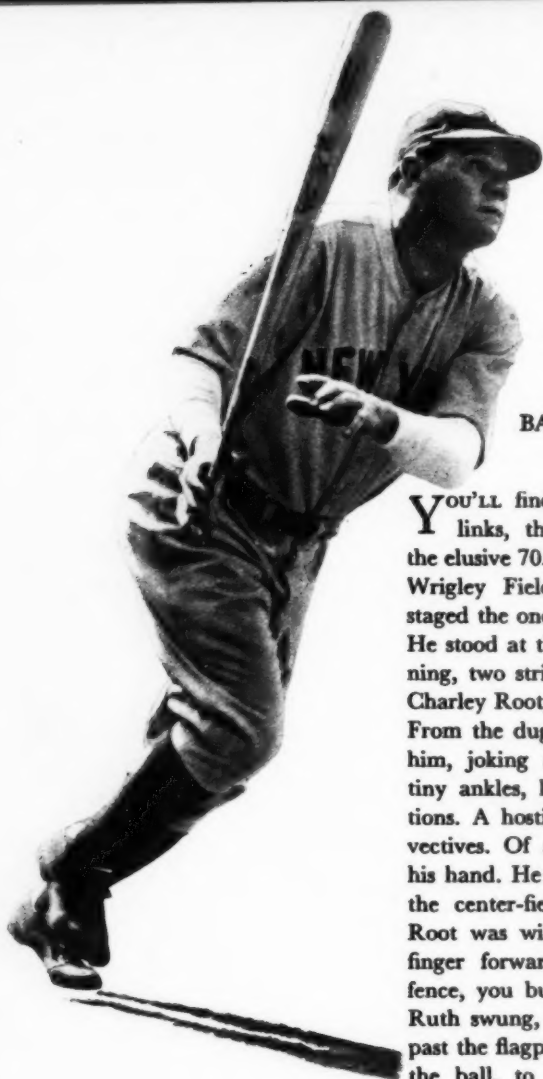
WALTER JOHNSON

IT is the ninth inning, with the score tied 3-3 between the Washington Senators and John McGraw's Giants in a game on which hangs the championship of the world. An old man picks up a tattered glove and plods to the mound. Beaten twice in the first World Series of his legendary career, Walter Johnson, the immortal "Big Train," was stepping into a relief role with the eyes of the world boring into his broad back. The rest is glorious baseball history. Through four innings he turned back the men who had twice visited humiliation upon him, fanning five with one sustained surge of blinding speed until, in the 12th, his teammates pushed over the run that meant Washington's first title. That was 16 years ago. Today Walter Johnson is a candidate for Congress from Maryland, where he lives within the shadows of his greatest achievement.

THOSE who saw him will never forget the sight. He came through the bull-pen gate far out beyond Yankee Stadium and picked his way across the diamond with slow, measured steps. In the sun's waning light three Yankees stood on the bases, while at the plate loomed Tony (Push-'em-Up) Lazzeri. But old Grover Cleveland Alexander didn't seem to notice him. The Cardinals were in front, 3-2, in the game that meant the first championship in St. Louis history. Lazzeri stepped to the plate as a stadium begged frenziedly for a hit. Tony hit, but it was foul, almost into the stands. He never hit again. Alex struck him out, with the bases loaded, and the Cards won. It would have been better had Alex ended there. But he didn't. He drifted to other clubs, finally out of the game. One day folks who patronized a flea circus on 42nd Street, in New York, saw Alex on the stage, showing his famous old arm, telling about his past deeds.



GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER



BABE RUTH

YOU'LL find him out on the golf links, these days, shooting for the elusive 70. But there was a day in Wrigley Field, in 1932, when he staged the one-man show of all time. He stood at the plate in the fifth inning, two strikes on him, and faced Charley Root, the Cub right-hander. From the dugout, the Cubs taunted him, joking about his paunch, his tiny ankles, his mastodonic proportions. A hostile crowd screamed invectives. Of a sudden, Ruth raised his hand. He pointed a forefinger at the center-field wall and, even as Root was winding up, jabbed that finger forward to say: "Over the fence, you bums." The pitch came, Ruth swung, and far over the wall, past the flagpole 450-feet away, went the ball, to land in a city street. Around the bases trotted Ruth; he reached third, stopped, threw back his head and laughed down Cub throats. Then he trotted home and the series was just as good as over.



**CHUCK
DRESSEN**

HE DIDN'T pitch a single ball, nor wield a bat even once. All he did was to get up off the Giant bench, on the sixth day of October, 1933, and walk out to the mound where a Giant outfield was huddled around Carl Hubbell. It was the last of the 11th inning. The Senators had the bases loaded, one out, as Hubbell and the Giants clung to a 2-1 lead in the fourth game of the series. Joe Cronin, the Washington manager, sent up Cliff Bolton to pinch hit. Bolton's record was .402, a mighty mark. Giant Manager Bill Terry realized what he was up against. Even a fly tied the score, yet the Giants had no choice but to play in close and try to cut off the run at the plate. Then Dressen joined the group. "Don't play in, Bill . . . play the infield back for a double play. I know this guy from the Southern Association. He can't run worth a nickel."

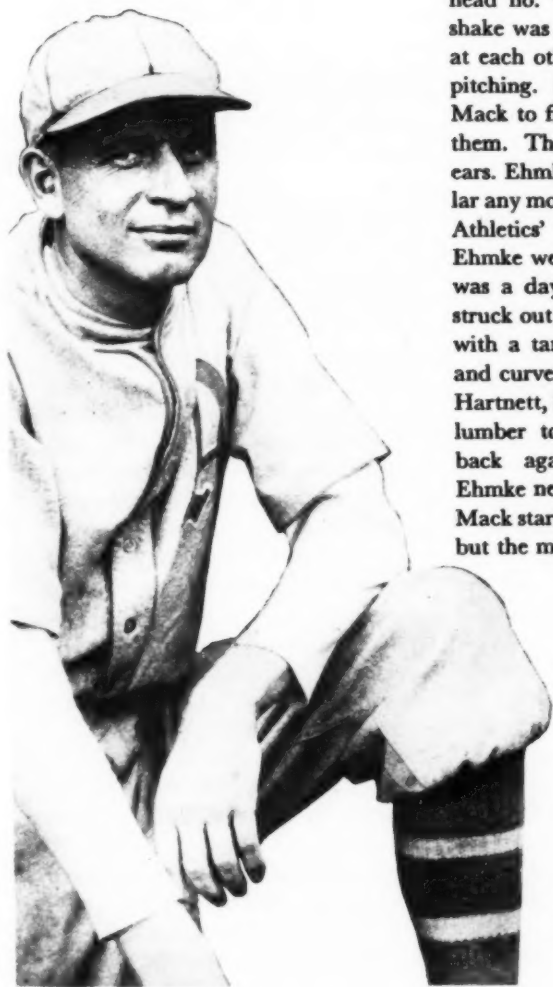
"Blondy" Ryan went back to deep short. Hughie Critz took up a regular second-base position. Hubbell let one go and Bolton hit it. He couldn't have thrown it more perfectly into Ryan's hands on two hops. The ball went Ryan to Critz to Terry, the game was over, Hubbell had won. The next day New York made the score read four out of five for the title.



"DIZZY" DEAN

HE STOOD behind the batting cage that raw day in Detroit, 1934, with his pea-jacket buttoned tight around his throat. The Cardinals and the Tigers were going into the seventh game of the World Series; seventh and last. There would be no tomorrow for the loser. "Dizzy" Dean just stood there, a somber figure against the bleak stadium. Cardinal Manager Frankie Frisch hadn't intended to start Dean, but "Diz" begged for the job. "I'll shut 'em out, Frank," he pleaded and Frisch yielded. Pretty soon Dean shed the jacket and went to work. With a cunning that matched his speed, he burned the Tigers down. Past such men as Hank Greenberg, Mike Cochrane and Charlie Gehringer he threw forked lightning, and he kept his word. He shut 'em out, 11-0, and sent Detroit into mourning. Today he's down in the minors, with Tulsa, trying to come back for one more fling at the big time. Maybe he will be back; likely not.

HOWARD EHMKE



GO BACK to 1929, to the day when the Cubs and Athletics opened a World Series. In the Athletic clubhouse, Lefty Grove turned to Big George Earnshaw and asked: "You workin' today?" Earnshaw shook his head no. "You?" he asked. Grove's shake was also negative. They stared at each other. One of them must be pitching. So they went to Connie Mack to find out. "Ehmke," he told them. They couldn't believe their ears. Ehmke? He wasn't even a regular any more. Arm all gone. While the Athletics' bench stared in disbelief, Ehmke went to the hill. There never was a day like it in any series. He struck out 13 Cubs, broke their backs with a tantalizing half-spin fast ball and curve. Hornsby, Wilson, Cuyler, Hartnett, Stephenson . . . they carried lumber to the plate and lugged it back again. It was no contest. Ehmke never pitched after that series. Mack started him once more that fall, but the magic he once had was gone.

OCTOBER, 1940

The optimistic fellow in that old limerick, who wanted to look in his ear with his eye, undoubtedly had the right idea when he said "You never can tell till you try." These persons had the same notion about making money: it seemed difficult—but they tried—and won.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT

SWING MUSIC AND dancing: like most college freshmen James E. Richard liked these two youthful diversions. But he had to work his way through the University of Chicago, which meant he had no time for them. He didn't, that is, until he discovered a need on the campus for inexpensive music for dancing parties. Thereupon he spent \$10 for records and \$20 advertising the fact that he had dance music for hire. The first week he was called four times, earned \$16. Then he spent \$32 for a record-playing machine and \$10 more for advertising—a total of \$70. Within three months he had earned back his investment, plus a \$50 profit. The record rental service grew; he supplied all kinds of recorded music, with phonograph, for all types of gatherings, sending along another

student whom he paid to tend the machine. It wasn't long before Richard was dabbling in radio and record sales, and radio repairs, on which he naturally received a commission.

Music hath charms, he found, to help a young man win a degree.



AS SHE LOOKED around at the people in her community, it seemed to Mrs. John Norris of Evanston, Illinois, that there must be hundreds of apartment dwellers—working couples, business women and bachelors—who would like to have daily hotel service for their homes, if such a service could be

obtained reasonably.

A trial ad which she inserted in a local paper proved she was right. In a few weeks she had twenty-five regular customers, employed two maids. They washed dishes and straightened the apartments daily, gave them a thorough cleaning once a week. The charge for a three-room apartment is \$3.50 for a six-day week—and Mrs. Norris' list of customers is lengthening daily.



PHILIP GIBSON, born and raised on a farm, had obtained a job in New York City selling securities. But times grew bad and he was laid off. Tired of the strain of city life, he wanted to return to the country, yet at the same time he needed money with which to get married.

His experience had taught him that the warmth of a crackling fire of birch, oak or ash logs in a fire place was highly prized by apartment dwellers. And he knew that back on the farm cords and cords of such fire wood were going to waste. Accordingly, he approached some of the acquaintances he had made as a security salesman, offering to supply them sound, uniform logs at a reasonable price.

Today, that is his full-time business. Twice a week, he comes to town to deliver his logs and to solicit new orders. The rest of the week he spends

with his bride in the country. He has made it pay. He wouldn't go back to the hectic life of the city again, he says, for anything.



BADLY GASED in the World War, Malcolm Kushner, after weary years spent in veteran hospitals, realized he could never hold a regular job. Finally he went to Arizona, where the climate was kind to his shattered lungs. Becoming interested in photography, he spent long hours taking pictures of desert scenes and colorful Indians. Much to his surprise, a gift shop was able to sell some of these pictures for him. With this money he was able to buy art materials, and from photography he turned to painting. Then one day he bought some playing cards with plain backs, and on them he painted several of his Indian scenes. The friends to whom he gave them, enthusiastically showed them in turn to their friends.

Orders began to come in—as fast as he could fill them. Today, his own art shop—plus an outside business—provides this wounded war veteran with a comfortable and steadily increasing income.

Readers are invited to contribute to "There's Money in It." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

*SHE SACRIFICES DESIGN FOR
SPONTANEITY — AND STILL HER
WORK IS NOTED FOR DESIGN*



PORTRAIT OF DAHL-WOLFE

by ROBERT W. MARKS

MISS LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE — famous for the photography of glamour—is a walking paradox. No one is better equipped to limn the long, sleek lines of golden nudes, or the evanescent charms of Blessed Damosels in \$49.50 weeds—but by the same token, no one is more sincerely interested in social bedrock, and in the shaking backdrops of the passing scene.

Working in a spacious, somewhat tumble-down studio that makes no pretense of order, she departs from the war traditions of many of her colleagues—holding that a human being should never be shot like a still life. Using small cameras as much as possible, she darts about, ambushes personality, and make her lens seduce life in its most expressive moments.

Miss Dahl-Wolfe, born Dahl,

was the daughter of an absent-minded Scandinavian engineer. Raised in San Francisco, she studied painting at San Francisco's best art emporium—the Mark Hopkins Art School. A number of things followed which vary, somewhat, in signification and purpose. Miss Dahl-Wolfe came East, studied architecture at Columbia; she went to Africa, found painter Meyer Wolfe at an easel and married him; she hyphenated her name like a Russian conspirator; she came back to New York, and began practicing the craft of interior decorating.

But decorating, as it flourishes in this corrupt world, was not for Dahl-Wolfe. Instead, she took to designing electric signs. In this connection pictures were required; and here the camera motif reappears. Miss Dahl-Wolfe invested



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF HARPER'S BAZAAR

VIVIEN LEIGH

Given a right pert face, Miss Dahl-Wolfe lets it speak for itself. But somehow, in this glamour photograph of a glamorous girl, she succeeds in conveying an ample measure of the character of her subject.

in a Thornton Picard—an English contraption—and promptly became earnest about shutter snapping, if not yet professional.

The crash came; jobs vanished. Miss Dahl-Wolfe persuaded her relatively new husband to throw up his job and go west with her to

OCTOBER, 1940



JOAN FONTAINE—I

On this and the opposite page are two diverting studies of the star of the motion picture *Rebecca*. Here you would say that Miss Dahl-Wolfe has tried for design, and caught personality in the process.

meet her family. In San Francisco, combinations began to reform themselves. Two-by-four work turned up—photographing furniture. This was a time for experi-

ment; and in it she learned the tricks, the constants, and the angles of mature camera work.

Two years passed; a strange and social idea came over the Wolfe



JOAN FONTAINE — II

And here you would say that Dahl-Wolfe has tried for personality and caught design in the process. The point is that in hitting the nail on the head she doesn't neglect to drive the tacks straight in.

household. Both Wolfe and Miss Dahl-Wolfe (a strange combination of references to man and wife) shared a passionate interest. Wolfe wanted to go back to the hinter-

land and paint the Negroes of the Tennessee mountains. Dahl-Wolfe wanted to photograph them.

Together, they settled in a leaky log-cabin, and went to work.

Wolfe painted, Dahl-Wolfe photographed; and each most probably envied the other.

The corollary of this is that when Miss Dahl-Wolfe finally came back to New York, and set her course in commercial photography, all she had to offer the cosmetic manufacturers and Paris dressmakers were documentary portraits of Tennessee Negroes—scarcely a come-on for the Misses Lily Daché and Elizabeth Arden.

The problem then was to make up glamour samples. Friends brought Dahl-Wolfe worn out and broken-down models; and Dahl-Wolfe labored through the nights trying to re-enact, photographically, the miracle of Cana.

Working with the crudest equipment, she taught herself the commercial abracadabra of lights and selling. Clients came, orders stacked up, and many other prosaic events transpired, which it does not seem pertinent to list here.

It is enough to say that Miss Dahl-Wolfe is today one of the most interest-making photographers working in and out of the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, and the advertiser's ready-reckoner on everything relating to style, personality, and the life of the local and international social butterflies.

In 1937, while visiting in Nashville, Dahl-Wolfe stumbled over one of the most significant moments in her professional experience. This moment is a significant sideflash on her mind, her interests, her temperament.

Alfred Starr, a rare spirit in Nashville—and owner of a chain of Negro theatres—had discovered the singular personality of William Edmondson, a latter-day Negro "primitive." Edmondson had been a hospital orderly when, one bright day, God paid him a noon-day visit.

Edmondson had bought an empty lot on the installment plan, and found on it a large pile of left-over building stone. God saw the stones, Edmondson said, "and He say: 'William, you sculp something. You ain't got no other use for them stones.'" And so William took off his coat and cut them stones.

Well, William cut away, and cut away—and soon he had something. Starr thought so. Mrs. Starr thought so. And Miss Dahl-Wolfe was sure of it. She took out her cameras and went to bat. Back in New York, she showed her reportage to Brodovitch, art director of *Harper's Bazaar*. Brodovitch was sure, too; and pictures of Edmondson's visions-in-stone ran in

Harper's. About the same time, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., director of the Museum of Modern Art, also got excited, and active, and a one-man show for Edmondson was staged under the museum's sacrosanct roof.

One of Miss Dahl-Wolfe's portraits of Edmondson is included in the photographs accompanying this article. Two other Dahl-Wolfe photographs, one of them in color, appear in this issue on the gatefold facing page 70. All are reproduced with the permission of *Harper's Bazaar*.

★ ★ ★

Although Miss Dahl-Wolfe is as soft in her manner as a sheep in the fold, she puts up with no nonsense. She has walked out on many of the mighty when they tried out songs and dances. Take the case of Hedy Lamarr. When Miss Lamarr played hard to get, and demanded the precise reason for every movement, Dahl-Wolfe again jumped ship, telling MGM's ambassador: "If this was Greta Garbo, I would crawl on my stomach—but I just don't like Miss Lamarr's face."

About technique: Miss Dahl-Wolfe has practically every kind of camera that's made—Contax, Rolleiflex, Ikoflex, Linhoff, 5 x 7 and 8 x 10 View Cameras—and a

50 pound 8 x 10 reflex camera, a costly piece of dead weight which her husband blithely refers to as "Dahli's Folly." She prefers to work, however, with the Rolleiflex family—since these cameras give her a minimum of technicality, a maximum of speed and maneuverability.

She uses a hair-trigger technique, shooting for fast-fleeting expressions and little nuances—and for this work nothing is handier than small reflexes—like the Rolleiflex or Ikoflex.

She has no formula for technique; holds that every person must inevitably acquire his own—through experiment, trial and error. The technical part of photography she underrates. "With a Weston exposure meter," she says, "anyone can make good pictures—in fact, it's hard to go wrong."

Unlike the more captious-minded photographers, she never plans her shots in advance. She leans heavily on the flame of the moment; and lets this brown to a crisp, whatever is immediately revolving on her spit.

In the summing up there is this to say: the informality and ingeniousness of Dahl-Wolfe's mind are crystallized in her work. Her shots are spontaneous, alive, full



THE FACE OF WILLIAM EDMONDSON

Fascinated by his work and his personality, Miss Dahl-Wolfe photographed Edmondson's primitive sculptures, showed them in New York and won him a niche in the Museum of Modern Art.

of movement, full of personality, full of freshness in design.

She, herself, is not over-serious about them—holding that photography can never be a fine art, “be-

cause it is so simple.” She is out of sympathy with this article “because,” she says earnestly, “the only people you should write about are people like Einstein.”

ANTIDOTE TO THE MOVIE VERSION:
AN APPRAISAL THAT BRINGS
THE AMERICAN INDIAN UP TO DATE



THE NATIVE WITHIN OUR GATES

by LOUIS ZARA

AN INTELLIGENT Cherokee, educated in the best of modern schools and speaking faultless American, was lecturing before a large club in an Eastern city. He spoke in particular of the adjustment which the red tribes had had to make to the white man's way of life. When he had finished and the applause had died down, a woman rose in the audience and asked: "Tell me frankly, Chief, how do your people like our country?"

The Cherokee might have answered with the words of Tecumseh, "This land is ours!" Whatever reply he did make was probably suave and polite, concealing his true reaction to the grotesque inquiry. Yet, sardonically, the same question might still be posed: How *do* the red tribes like "our" country? The answer is that the Indian tribes like their country

very much indeed, and that they have adjusted themselves admirably to paleface "civilization."

Nor is there any resentment in our American Indians, "full-bloods" or part-bloods, that the land is no longer theirs. They do not weep over the past. They look back upon the history of their conflict with the white man with as much curiosity and interest as any scholar. For, except at the tribal dances and councils, the Indian is no longer a man with feathers. He lifts no hatchet to make war on his neighbors. He takes no scalps. Strangely, he is no longer a vanishing American, since there are today about 350,000 red men in the United States, probably more than were here at the time of the earliest explorers.

This is in no way to portray the Indian as a quiet chair-warmer,

or as a conquered and broken warrior. He has lost neither his bravery nor his cunning; above all he has not lost his spirit of independence. And he has made an amazing readjustment to the white man's world.

The white man's picture of the Indian of today is all wrong. White men who have been to Gallup, Santa Fe, Taos, or to any of the dozen other localities where the Indian has been commercialized see him only as a postcard, rug and trinket vendor. Others have seen him employed as a silent partner in medicine shows. The history books have taught of the "redskin" as a thieving, treacherous, bloodthirsty rascal and many—who remember nothing else—still remember that singular proverb of the frontier hair-buyers: "The only good Injun is a dead Injun." Altogether our impression has been that the Indian is a museum freak.

To some extent the Indians are themselves responsible for that impression. It is true that there are Indians who follow the circuses, carnivals and rodeos, and exhibit themselves in beautifully beaded costumes and eagle feather war-bonnets. These are chiefly Dakota Indians (of the Sioux Nation) who were once attracted to

the Wild West shows by lucrative offers and have since followed them almost like gypsy bands. But the Dakotas are no more typical of the modern Indian than any other circus performer is typical of the Caucasian race as a whole.

Some think enviously of the Indians as nabobs with untold riches hidden away somewhere. Of course, there are the Osages, who were once exiled to northern Oklahoma, a region so poor that white settlers turned away from it, and by a quirk of circumstance became the wealthiest of all the Indian tribes because their barren tract turned out to be one of the greatest oil-fields in the country.

But there are tribes who are as poor as church mice on the dole, tribes that depend on the government for blankets, medicine, and food. White men call them "shiftless," although their hunting lands were long ago taken from them and until recent years no effort was made to teach the young men trades and to assist the dispossessed in adjusting themselves to the new way.

No doubt of it, many of the older Indians will never make a complete adjustment. The old brave who once hunted for his

food can hardly be expected to love the can-opener and tinned meat, or the ration handed out by the agency. Indeed, many of the older people fought the introduction of the new ways because they anticipated the disintegration of the tribal and social life, the suppression of the Indian languages, the declining of the Indian arts and crafts, the crushing of the Indian spirit under the heel of the Indian Bureau. Like any European minority under a dictator they cried out against the oppressive measures; but no one heard them.

Happily, the days of hate are gone, and the present policy of the Federal government seeks to preserve Indian culture, to assist as far as possible in bringing up the young men and women as Americans of "Indian extraction." After all, why should the red man's heritage be respected any less than the heritage of any immigrant group?

Today Indians are shepherds, farmers, printers, shoemakers, milkmen, teachers, lawyers, doctors. They are represented in perhaps every one of the normal occupations in our daily life. Mohawk Indians worked on the Sixth Avenue elevated project in New York City. Apparently

having no sense of height, they are said to be able to walk steel beams sixty stories in the air without misgivings.

In Florida the descendants of those Seminoles who fled to the swamps and so could not be seized and exiled to the West, are now said to be among the best automobile drivers in the country. They drive in the swamplands, terrain that would make the most voluble truck driver speechless, and manipulate the pedals with their bare feet.

In all of the tribes are men and women who have developed great skill in modern music and painting. One might make a single reservation: Indians are not particularly interested in mechanics or in scientific research. Charles B. Wilson, famous Indian artist, of Miami, Oklahoma, told me of a friend of his who bought a car and drove it three months in second gear before he discovered that there was a third notch into which to push the gear-shift lever!

Education is free to all except to such wealthy tribes as the Osages, Kiowas, Choctaws, Cherokees and Quapaws, who can send their youth to the finest of private schools. But in order to equip the Indian youth for a job in the modern world more gov-

ernment vocational schools seem to be necessary. When they are established the young people will attend them.

With his phenomenal memory, the Indian youth makes a good student. It was told of Will Rogers, who was part Cherokee, that when he attended Kemper Military Academy, he could memorize all his lessons and even long poems after reading them over one time. Former Vice-President Charles Curtis, who was partly Kaw, was also noted for his unusual memory. Indeed, many Indians are said to be able to remember complete songs—with every harmonic variation—after hearing the pieces sung one time.

Unless he is personally concerned, the Indian is not moved by newspapers and headlines. He respects leadership and appreciates the firm hand of a leader who knows the way, but he worships no one. Flattery is something he cannot understand. He fawns upon no one. He is not impressed by the "great." If he has made many white men—including Presidents of the United States—chiefs of his tribes, he has done so because he is essentially a hospitable fellow, not because he is awed by a title or an achievement. Jim Thorpe, celebrated as

the most famous Indian athlete of his day, remained just "Jim" to other Indians. When Harvey McKibben, a superb athlete, was summoned by the Yankees to pitch for them, his father refused to let him go. The Indian has no love for the limelight and does not respect "fame."

The red men have their resentments, but one would have to have friends in the tribes to hear about them. When white tourists, who come as guests, stalk through their homes and violate their privacy, behaving as rudely and uncivilly as "savages," the Indians look on and say nothing. It is because they do not protest at the white gawkers that the Indian is supposed to be a "silent" individual.

Shrewd white men have seen the commercial value of the dances and the pow wows and in some parts of the Southwest white men are permitted to flock to ceremonials which mean as much to the red man as any religious ceremony ever meant to a white man. However, the Indians have learned to preserve most of their traditions and to hold pow wows and councils to which the white men are not admitted. It is there that the American Indian, who the day before worked at his

prosaic trade or craft, glories in his ancient culture, singing the old songs, dancing the old dances and performing those rites which make him feel once more like a red man, child of a race with mysterious origins.

The number of full-bloods grow less with each generation. That is inevitable, but neither the Indian nor the white man feels inferior at this commingling of blood.

Many Indian words have found their way into the American-English language. Indian foods are part of the American—indeed the international diet. Indian

blood in the great American melting-pot will yet help to preserve the spirit of independence and, above all, that respect for individual differences, which to the Indian is the real tolerance.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW:
INDIANS TODAY by *Oliver La Farge* \$2.50
Longmans, Green & Co., New York

INDIANS OF THE UNITED STATES by *Clark Wissler* \$3.75
Doubleday Doran & Co., New York

THE AMERINDIANS by *Donald M. McNicol* \$2.50
Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York

INDIANS OF THE AMERICAS by *Edwin R. Embree* \$2.75
Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston

INTERLUDE WITHOUT ROMANCE

A YOUNG lady suffused with the romance of Tennyson's poetry managed at last to meet the famous English poet at a house party. Artfully she disengaged Tennyson from the other guests and led him into the garden where the moon lit up a bubbling fountain. Tennyson awkwardly took a seat on the marble bench while his companion gazed soulfully into his eyes waiting for some magic word to open for her the floodgates of romance. Tennyson remained silent, his thoughts on

the mundane problems of bills and household affairs. Suddenly the sound of something ripping broke the still air and Tennyson turned to the young woman and quietly announced, "My lady, I do believe you have burst your corset." To his dismay, his companion fled in confusion down the path. Tennyson went in pursuit to make amends for the embarrassment he had caused. "Please wait," he shouted. "Do wait. It wasn't your corset at all—it was my suspenders!" —ALBERT BRANDT

A REPORT, FROM A STRICTLY NEUTRAL
OBSERVER, ON WHO IS DOING WHAT IN
THE REALM OF THE VERY LIVELY ARTS

CARLETON SMITH'S CORNER

CORONETS:

To the Menuhins—Yehudi, Hepzibah, and Yalta—for the fine feeling and team work in their recording of Mozart's early violin sonatas (Victor 16106).

To *Radio Martinique* and Tahiti's FO8AA for their Tuesday and Friday night relays of native rhythms.

To Rudolph Serkin and the Adolf Busch Chamber Players for recording Mozart's *E flat major Piano Concerto*—not ideal, but good in our far-from-best of all possible worlds.

To the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for liberalizing their loan policy and adding 200 paintings to those available for borrowers.

To *Pride and Prejudice*: a great film.

To Izler Solomon and Illinois Symphony Orchestra: a WPA proj-

ect that pays healthy dividends.

DUNCE CAPS:

To NBC for surrounding Arturo Toscanini with mediocre conducting companions (excepting Alfred Wallenstein).

To Columbia Recording engineers for fumbling the Wagner recordings of Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony.

To RCA-Victor's Charles O'Connell for not having recorded an Ezio Pinza album.

To Manager Arthur Judson for not spotting the best New York Philharmonic-Symphony soloists on the Sunday afternoon broadcasts.

THORNS:

To *Mad-Men of Europe*: hysterical,

inept English propaganda. A bad adaptation of Guy du Maurier's old play, not worth your time even in a double feature.

To New York managers who fail to give Broadway a chance to hear Gitta Alpar—once the "toast of the continent" and easily the most famous of refugee operetta prima donnas.

To Melvyn Douglas for not sticking to acting, which he can do, and trying to reform the world, which he can't do.

To *Telephone Hour*: mediocre, sentimentally pleasant; sponsor can afford a more distinguished production.

SO THEY SAY:

John Erskine: "Critics are like women drivers. You never know what they will do next."

William Bledsoe: "The pen may have been mightier than the sword, but can the typewriter compete with the tank?"

J. C. Nugent: "The best disinfecting fluid is the milk of human kindness."

Helen Keller: "War is a form of blindness which is much more difficult to cure than mere lack of eyesight."

Excerpt from *There Shall Be No Night*: "When life becomes too easy for people something changes in their character. Something is lost. Americans now are too lucky. In their blood is the water of those two oceans that have made their country safe."

INDIVIDUALISM:

Tears will come to cynic Dorothy Parker's eyes if you tell her your pet kitten has a stomach ache.

Bing Crosby can't read a note of music.

Lily Pons carries the ingredients and mixes her own salad dressing on train diners.

Artur Rodzinski hopes to supply New York's entire metropolitan area with its goat milk.

STRICTLY INCIDENTAL:

Flo Ash, who bills herself "Cutest Little Nudist," has a court injunction restraining all others from so publicizing themselves.

Before the Metropolitan had raised its million and, consequently before any contracts were signed, *Variety* front-paged Hollywood's annual misstatement that Deanna Durbin had a Metropolitan Opera contract. Whether Deanna can be heard across the footlights is still a mystery; she has yet to sing in public.

Arturo Toscanini will conduct 14 radio broadcasts this winter, commencing November 23rd.

Robert Taylor will become a tough guy as *Billy the Kid*.

Jascha Heifetz's 35,000-mile South American jaunt brings his total concert mileage to 1,550,000.

Only conceivable benefit from patriotic anti-Wagnerian hysteria might be that Kirsten Flagstad would sing *Norma*, *Aida*, *Marguerite*, or some other non-German role.

WHEN PARENTS AND TEACHERS
COMPETE AGAINST ONE ANOTHER
IT IS THE CHILD THAT LOSES



LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

by LOUISE & WILLIAM STEPHENS

Two groups of citizens in a southern Illinois community were at loggerheads over election of a school board. Less numerous but politically more influential, the well-to-do citizens feared that a victory by the town's factory employees would result in substitution of industrial for college preparatory subjects. Resorting to political trickery, they elected a board exclusively from among themselves. The course of study blossomed out with cultural subjects, and utilitarian classes were scrapped.

Incensed, the factory folk rounded up every possible voter, wangled a new election, ousted the representatives of the well-to-do and elected a board composed only of members from the wrong side of the tracks. Academic courses now disappeared from the

battered curriculum, to be replaced by manual arts, domestic science, apprentice training and other humble subjects for workingmen's sons and daughters. The situation was as lopsided a result of wrongheadedness as before.

But the State Department of Education now intervened to force a third election, constituting itself referee. A representative board of informed and temperate citizens from both groups patched up their differences and established a course of study designed to meet the needs of the whole community.

When Emerson wanted to give the public a definite idea of what he believed education amounted to he said it was nothing more complicated than a teacher on one end of a log and a student on the other. That homely definition, as familiar as his pre-publicity-era

slogan about the world's beating a path to the door of the man who invents a superior mousetrap, was admirably suited to the little red schoolhouse on the other side of the hill about 1900. It illustrated, as Plato had illustrated it in his question-and-answer dialogues between Socrates and the Athenians, a person to person relationship that seemed to be just right for teaching youth how to think in a pioneering and somewhat democratic society.

Since the turn of the century, however, the pace of life has been enormously speeded up. And a great many new educational mousetraps have been invented, not all of them necessarily superior. The originators of these scholastic gadgets waited for no problematic paths to be beaten to their door-sills. They went out and displayed their wares in teachers' colleges and normal schools and elsewhere amid the classic groves of Academe, at that time pretty remote from everyday life, but now populated by up-and-coming teachers with a lot of new tricks up their sleeves — intelligence quotients, extra-curricular activities, speech correctionists, apprentice training, controlled club-plans, "learning by doing," and other devices and expressions more puzzling than

these to parents who had learned their "three R's" in the little red schoolhouses of an earlier period.

That, roughly, is where education stands today. America's cherished public schools now occupy, in a simplified comparison, a three-cornered social area bounded on the north by the teacher, on the southeast by the parent, and on the southwest or frontier corner by the child—often the unfortunate mouse in the Emersonian trap. The new educational problem—less new than neglected during the experimental period—is the problem of developing workable relationships between parents and teachers, of mediating successfully between school, home and child.

When children of various ages were taught in one room around a big iron stove, teachers often "boarded around" with different families in the community. Friction, when it existed, was caused by clashing personalities, not by complicated school situations and a merely casual acquaintance, if any, with the children's parents. Many teachers today say that they would like to be better acquainted with pupils and parents away from school. Their teaching would improve if they had a better picture of their students' lives.

Emerson's figurative log was not pivoted in the middle—it was a stationary object on solid ground. But, jacked up by modern devices, it is as centrally supported nowadays as a see-saw. Instead of a teacher on one end and a student on the other, parent and teacher are at opposite ends, usually rocking away stubbornly against each other's influence while the luckless child tries to balance himself precariously between them.

The point can be illustrated with examples from common experience:

A teacher remarked that the most helpful parent she had ever talked to, a father of twin boys, began their somewhat difficult conversation by saying that he hoped neither of his sons would ever be hanged but doubted such good fortune. This casual quip put their conversation at a level of good humor on which it was possible to discuss the boys and reach a mutually satisfactory understanding about them.

A well-to-do woman in a small western city visited a public school with her four-year-old daughter and demanded an immediate audience with the speech correction teacher. To keep peace "in the family," the teacher took five minutes of her pupils' time (she

was the only speech correctionist in a school system of 9,000 children), talking to the little girl to determine why, at four years, she was not learning to speak well. She then told the insistent mother that her child was suffering from progressive deafness, had already lost much of her hearing, and ought to be placed in a good school for deaf children.

Mrs. Uppity indignantly declared the teacher couldn't possibly know what she was talking about, "after only five minutes' examination," and departed in a huff. A month later, she returned—profusely apologetic. She had consulted the most expensive ear specialist in a near-by large city, who had pronounced an identical verdict, taken more time about it and demanded a fat fee.

Before her second visit that mother telephoned for an appointment—an elementary consideration. When teachers have classes of 30 to 40 or sometimes 50 to 60 children as a result of depression reductions in school budgets, parents who visit classrooms without warning in the midst of a recitation necessarily court a brusque reception, which a note or a telephone message before or after school hours would have spared them.

Parent-teacher organizations do not always adequately meet their problems. In a suburban community where the parent-teacher group consisted largely of well-to-do parents, a principal confessed that her teachers' efforts to obtain free milk for undernourished children had failed for several years. The group would neither contribute the necessary small sum, nor ask local merchants to donate. A majority took the position that, since the milkless children were from poor families, "theirs would probably be lives of continued deprivation, and they ought to get used to it."

In another suburb, which had a school attendance larger than the whole population of the first, the teachers' association provided both milk and light lunches for underprivileged children during several depression years, after the school board had refused to appropriate money for such a purpose.

In a metropolitan grade-school an old-maid principal with thwarted notions of "morality" ruled that "any child seen playing with, walking beside or talking to a child of the opposite sex" was to be sent at once by teachers or student monitors to her office to be disciplined. A ten-year-old boy monitor responded, on hearing

the order: "That isn't reasonable."

If you are an average parent, say teachers, you like to visit school and hear your child recite, but your interest is more self-concerned than well-informed. You like praise of your child's or your own virtues, but you take criticism badly and have been known to second Johnny's or Mary's ungovernable behavior. You send your child to avowedly progressive schools and then complain, not that he doesn't learn, but that "teaching is so different nowadays." With much emotion, but little logic, you will inveigh against the birch-rod in old-fashioned schools, and then object to what you conceive to be a "lack of discipline" in modern ones.

If you are an average teacher, say parents, you are often discourteous or "superior," impatient of parents' viewpoints, occasionally incompetent, frequently condescending to "outsiders" who are unfamiliar with your favorite pedagogic terms. You may be a young, inadequately-trained girl teaching primary grades at low pay. You may be a "home-town girl" high-pressured through normal school despite poor marks and appointed to a teaching position through political influence. You may be working at an inadequate

salary under a topheavy teaching load, without provision for a pension or for tenure in your work.

Emerson implied that his teacher on a log would teach, and his pupil learn, in a congenial atmosphere of friendship and understanding. His educational ideal is equally appropriate to the relations between parents and teachers, who could do with more of the neighborly associations of the little red schoolhouse of other days. They would not then sit at opposite ends of a see-saw, in an atmosphere of mutual misunderstanding and occasional ill-will — while Johnny or Mary (whom they profess to be concerned about) is bounced around in the middle, or plays hookey in the town swamp

and gets stung by a pedagogic insect or bitten by a political dog.

Louise and William Stephens have appeared separately before in Coronet, Mrs. Stephens with an article and a story, Mr. Stephens with articles, poems, fiction. This is their first collaboration. Talks with teachers and other parents, late data from the U. S. Bureau of Education, observation as newspaper reporters in small cities and later as parents of three children, provided material for "Little Red Schoolhouse." Before her marriage, Mrs. Stephens studied teaching at Butler University.

—Suggestions for further reading:
 SCHOOL AND HOME by Angelo Patri \$1.50
D. Appleton-Century Co., New York
 HOME AND SCHOOL CO-OPERATION—
a publication of the White House
Conference on Child Health and Protection .75
D. Appleton-Century Co., New York
 A LIVING PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION
 by Carleton Washburne \$4.00
The John Day Co., New York
 THE SECRET OF CHILDHOOD by Maria
 Montessori \$2.50
Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York

CUSTOM-TAILORED FAME

A NUMBER of Baltimore newspapermen once tried an experiment to determine if prominent citizens are born or made. They picked at random an obscure man who conducted a little saloon which he called a hotel. Every few days they attributed some wise saying to this man, interviewed him about local politics or the State of the Union, and kept his name con-

stantly before the public. It wasn't long before he began to be asked to sit on speakers' platforms, and to be honorary pall-bearer whenever a leading citizen died. In other words, he did become a prominent citizen. And at the end of a year—crowning glory of it all—he was elected vice-president of a national hotel men's association.

—FRED C. KELLY

WHENEVER A DETROITER COMES TO A
VIOLENT END, THE NATION'S BEST MANNED
HOMICIDE SQUAD GOES ON THE JOB



THE DEATH BEAT

by KENT SAGENDORPH

"HOMICIDE—O'Brien," says a bass voice on the telephone. "He did what? You say somebody jumped out of a hotel window? Where? When? Do you know who it was? All right. We'll send a man over."

It is 9:00 P. M. by the big County Building clock, its voice booming with vibrant echoes over downtown Detroit. On the fourth floor of the Detroit Police headquarters building, in the desk-jammed room reserved for the Homicide Squad, probably the finest in the country, man for man, Detective-Sergeant Harry O'Brien squeaks his swivel chair.

"Hymie," he says, "First Precinct says some guy just took a header out of the top story of a hotel up near Grand Circus. Traffic was heavy, and the body came through the roof of a cru-

ing taxicab. So that's where it is now, propped up in this cab and parked at the curb."

Detective-Sergeant Hyman Ulnick raises his imposing bulk and brawn out of a chair. His dark brow is furrowed by a frown.

"Suppose the cab driver threw his flag," he mutters. "Who's gonna pay for it? You can't just fall through a man's cab like that."

O'Brien doesn't know. There is nothing in his rules to cover such a contingency. Ulnick doesn't know, either. On the way to the scene in a screeching police cruiser, he will be speculating about that. If the Coroner finds any money on the body, the cab driver will probably put in a claim. Ulnick thinks it should be allowed.

"Homicide—O'Brien." At the

telephone, O'Brien hears a series of sobs. Then there is a scream. "Please calm yourself, Madam. What happened? Just a minute. I'll call the Inspector."

He gets up, crosses the room and knocks politely at the door of a private office. Inside, behind a gleaming walnut desk so placed that it commands the room and faces out the door, sits Inspector John O. Whitman. He is fiftyish, plump, with horn-rimmed spectacles that makes his eyes look twice as big and twice as hard as they are.

"Woman on the phone says her husband is threatening her with a revolver."

"Transfer it to the Holdup Squad."

"Yessir."

The door closes. The phone may not ring again until Sergeant Ulnick returns to make out his report. But, as occasionally happens, it may burst out twice in the next five minutes and clean out the office on hurry-up calls. Then the Inspector takes the phone himself.

Nine times out of ten the call will be just a routine bit of police work, without a criminal motive. Suicides, traffic deaths, accidents, falls, fires and dead bodies discovered in odd places. Some of the

victims starved to death. Whatever it is, if the victim did not die quietly in bed, Homicide takes over.

Inspector Whitman was picked for his job years ago because he knows the work better than the men assigned to him. These men are temperamental, irritable sometimes, and the demands upon them are terrific. They ruin several suits of clothes a year; they have no home life, being on call twenty-four hours a day every day; they must be prepared at an instant's notice to shoot it out with an armed automobile full of gangsters or chase a club-killer up a dark alley. There is one excuse Inspector Whitman never accepts . . . "he had the drop on me." The rule in this Squad is: "go in and get him, or else!"

Physical courage tops the list of requirements for a place in this squad. Beyond that, every individual is promoted to it because of an outstanding record in some other division. All of them started as patrolmen, the way Inspector Whitman started on the force more than twenty-five years ago. Take Ulnick, for instance. A glance at his record shows why he is on Homicide today. He's been on the force fifteen years; five years as a harness bull in uniform.

Promoted to Detective, he was a two-fisted foe of blackmailers on the Black Hand Squad before it became part of the Rackets Division. Three years ago he was again promoted to Detective-Sergeant and assigned to Homicide.

On the squad are eight sergeants like himself, all holders of merit citations. All of them learned detective work in its simpler forms elsewhere, on the Holdup Squad, Safe-and-Loft Squad, Special Investigation Squad. The cream of these divisions now form Whitman's elite group, including Lieutenant Jack Harvill, who cracked the Black Legion and made himself a national reputation.

Eight sergeants and seven lieutenants, averaging 18 years of service. They get scorched putting out torch-murder fires, like the one at Dequindre and Thirteen-Mile that burned every bit of Dorsey Bowman's body except his teeth. They get wet pulling bodies from the river; they have to dig with pick and shovel to pull out lime-decayed bodies like Philip Loyst's, murdered for the price of his automobile. The squad attended 4,000 post-mortems last year, staring at Death every day.

They grow casually indifferent to violence, self-destruction and murder. The most horrible psy-

chopathic crimes leave them unimpressed. They have seen human life snuffed out with every improbable kind of an instrument, from an ice-pick to a ball of twine. Their lives are spent examining bloody scenes, interviewing hysterical widows, trying to get coherent information from stunned witnesses. The wonder of it is that six months of this doesn't send the lot of them to quiet padded cells.

"Naw," shrugs Ulnick. "You can't take them things too serious. If I went home and worried about all the troubles I see other people have, I'd be nuts myself in a week."

Sergeant Harold Branton, the most cultured of cops, puts it more philosophically:

"This work requires a certain state of mind. In my own case, the best approach has been one of scientific curiosity. Those victims mean no more to me than they do to the autopsying pathologist."

He is very careful to carry this attitude into the language of his reports. In a Branton report, nobody gets hit on the head. The victim "sustained multiple lacerations and contusions of the zygomatic, superscilliary, right frontal and ethmoid regions of the skull." Most of his colleagues closely follow the clinical phraseology when

they can. When they can't, there is an elaborate and sinister-looking anatomical chart on the back of every report. They mark with a pencil at the points where the victim was shot, hanged, burned, slashed, dismembered and/or fatally wounded in some new and picturesque way.

To the Inspector, a man is guilty, or he isn't. He won't read through a dramatic script full of interplay of personalities. He wants the facts, and leaves the embroidery to the reporters. Thus all the fine shadings of character, the suspense and thrill of detective fiction is lacking in a Homicide report. It's too bad. The story of the detective's setbacks, hunches, ingenious devices to lure the killer out in the open is really the way to chronicle these cases. Such a report would make it easier for the reporters and magazine writers of "fact-detective" features who infest the place. To foil them, Inspector Whitman uses a blank with an upper and lower half. In the upper half go all the vital statistics: name, address, age, where body was found, by whom reported, and so on. In the lower half, the officers are expected to write their reports. They are always dramatic, frequently humorous, and occasionally tragic.

"Arrived at scene. Found body stuffed into refuse barrel apparently by some irritated householder who wanted to remove same from front steps. Accompanied body to morgue. Examining physician declared death due to acute alcoholism accompanied by terminal myocarditis." In explaining that for a reporter, the detective will say, proudly, "that means he was drunk and had a heart attack."

They've been kept at top speed by the barking old Inspector for five years, but they're working even faster now. They want to clear up every pending case and wipe the slate clean by next year, when Whitman is slated for retirement. They want to do that because 100 per cent success is a long-dreamed-of goal for him.

"My boys are specialists," he purrs. "Every one of 'em an expert on homicide. We can handle any kind of a case, in a rich family or a poor one. That's what we need, and that's what we've got."

He's right. The problem of violent death requires a specialist. It is nothing the normal man would care to tackle as a career.

Kent Sagendorph is an aviation authority who writes about law-enforcement as a hobby. He also finds time to author adventure novels, lecture and broadcast. His home is in Jackson, Michigan.

dy
ar-
se-
ve
n-
n-
ue
ed
x-
ne
at
a

ed
or
g
to
d
r,
e-
at
a

e
rt
y
a
l,

of
r.
n
r.

ty
a
-
is

CORONET'S
GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS

CONTRIBUTORS
TO THIS ISSUE

I. REISS
STEPHEN DEUTCH
ERNEST GOTTLIEB
W. C. EYMANN
NICHOLLS
KARL WIPPERMAN
KURT LUBINSKI
DULOVITS
NOWELL WARD
HERMAN
RALPH ANDERSON
ANDRÉ DE DIENES
ZIA QADRI
BURTON HARTMAN
ROBERT L. McFERRAN
NELL DORR
LANGE
HERBERT A. APPLETON
HENRI CARTIER
PIERRE BOUCHER





PILLARS OF THE CHURCH

REISS, FROM C. ANDERS

CORONET



REISS, FROM C. ANDERS

PROUD BANNERS

OCTOBER, 1940

57



CREATED EQUAL

STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO

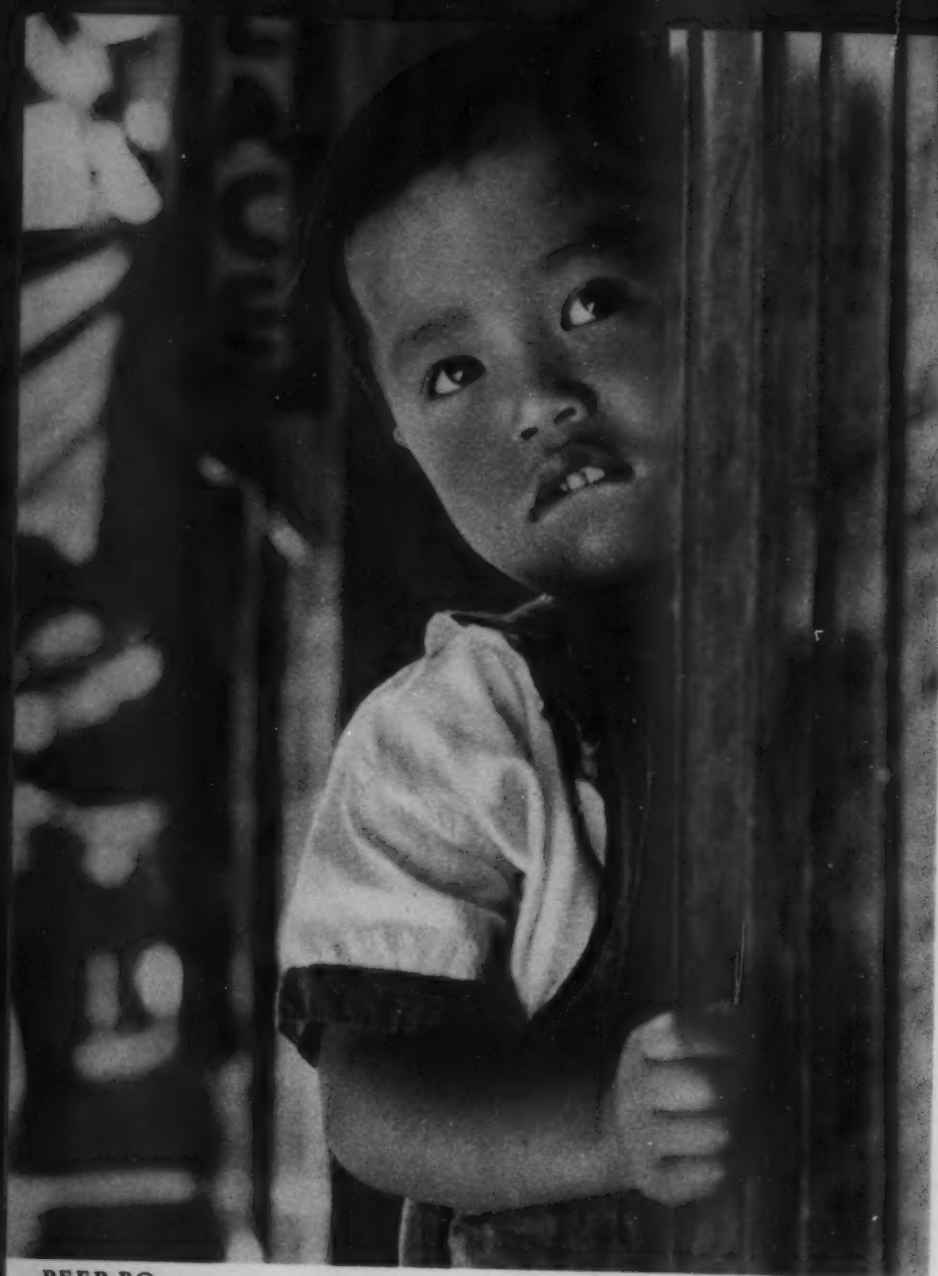
CORONET



ERNEST GOTTLIEB, ALHAMBRA, CALIF.

ZEBRAIC

OCTOBER, 1940



PEEP-BO

W. C. EYMANN, FROM THREE LIONS

CORONET



NICHOLLS, FROM PIX

KISS ME AGAIN

OCTOBER, 1940



YOUNG SOAK

KARL WIPPERMAN, CHICAGO

CORONET



KURT LUBINSKI, NEW YORK

LAST STRAW

OCTOBER, 1940



NOCTURNE

DULOVITS, FROM EUROPEAN

CORONET

64



HOWELL WARD, CHICAGO

ARABESQUE

OCTOBER, 1940

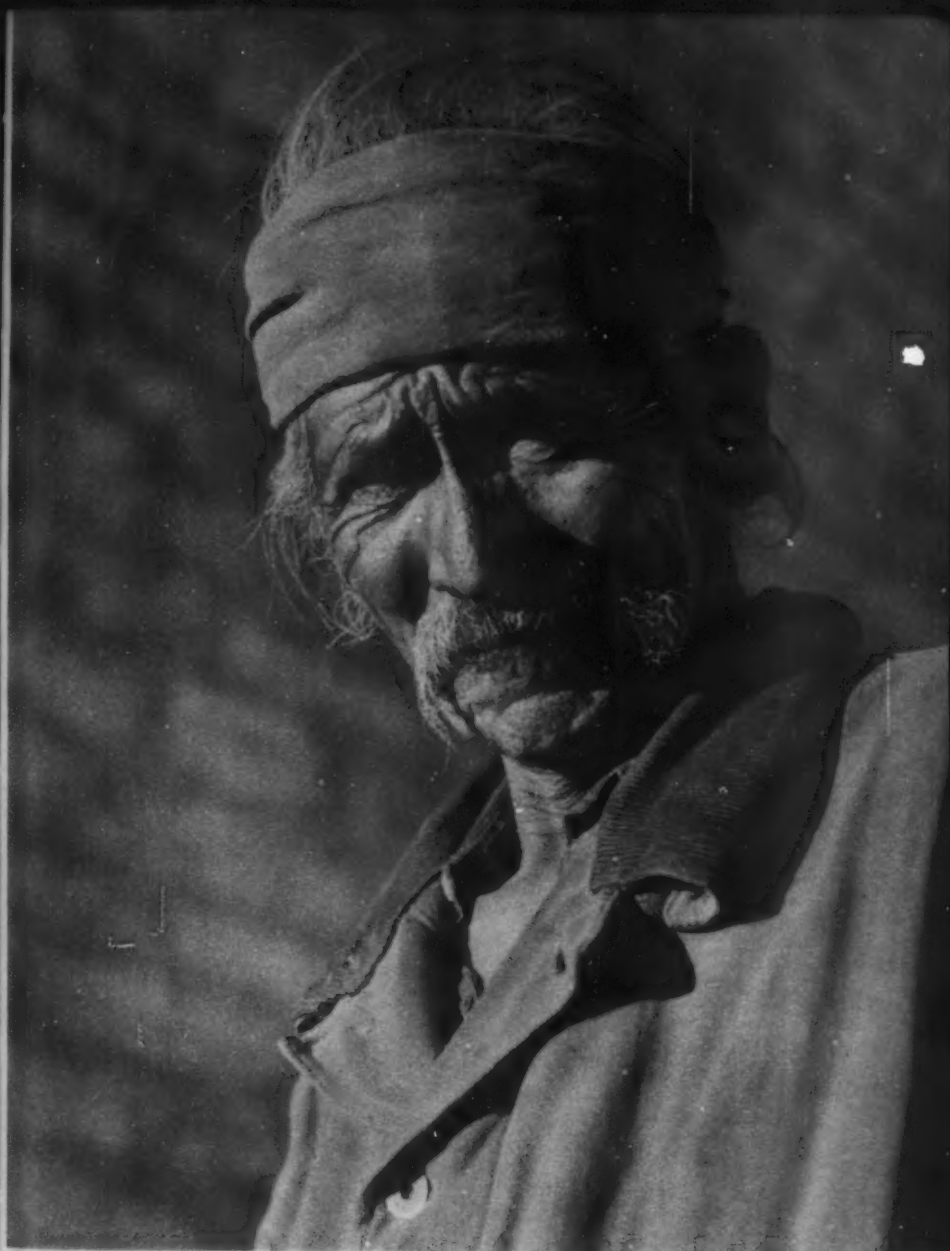
65



MOLE-MAN

HERMAN, FROM FEDERAL ART PROJECT

CORONET



RALPH ANDERSON, YOSEMITE, CALIF.

MANY SUMMERS

OCTOBER, 1940



THE TEMPEST BY RODIN

ANDRÉ DE DIENES, NEW YORK

CORONET

68



ZIA QADRI, LOS ANGELES

FLORA

OCTOBER, 1940



SIDE-TRACKED

WOOD SURVEYS, PHILADELPHIA

CORONET

70

LOUISE

W YORK



BURTON HARTMAN, CHICAGO

SUNDAY COME-TO-MEETIN'

OCTOBER, 1940



TWOSOME

ROBERT L. MCFERRAN, MINNEAPOLIS

CORONET



WELL DORR, NEW YORK

WIND, SEA AND SKY

OCTOBER, 1940



SKID STREET

LANGE, FROM F. S. A.



APPLETON, BUFFALO, N. Y.

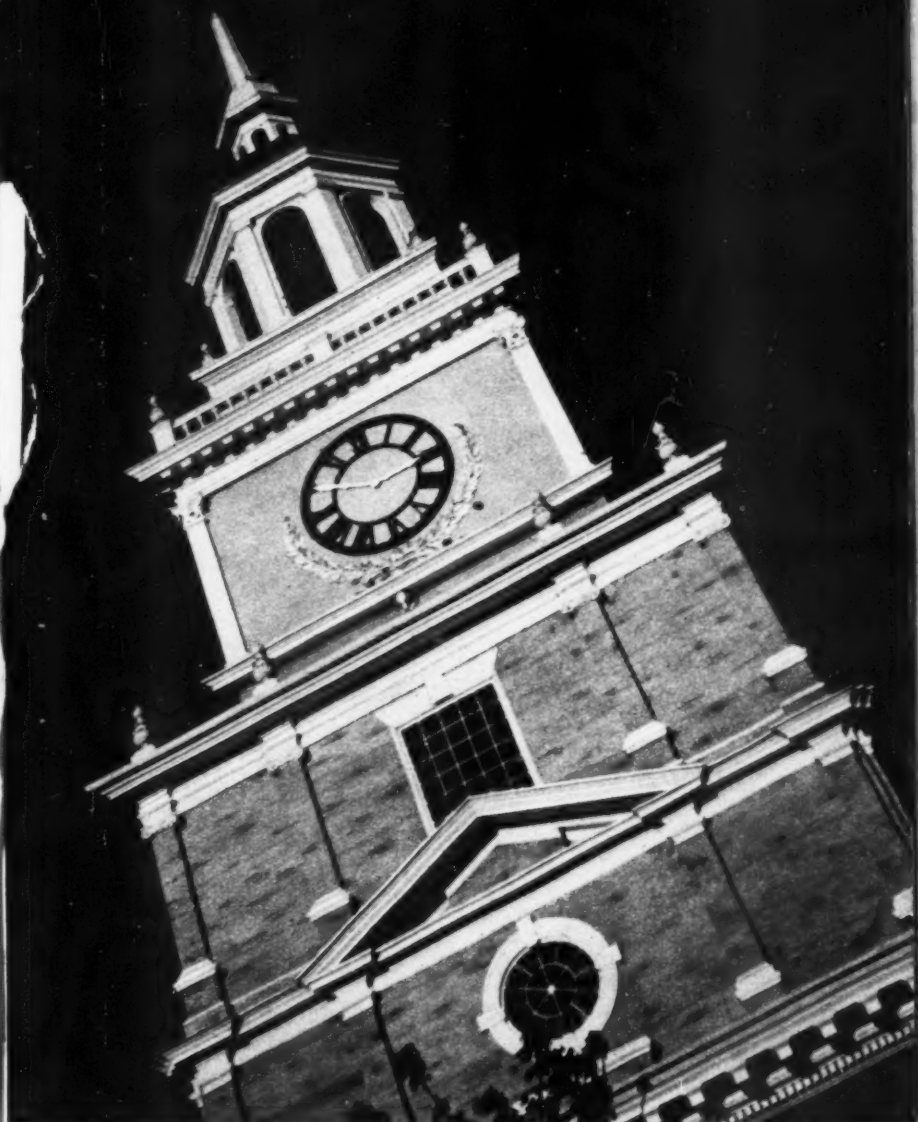
SPARKS WILL FLY

OCTOBER, 1940



PHIA

BU



BURTON HARTMAN, CHICAGO

SUNDAY COME-TO-MEETIN'

OCTOBER, 1940



TWOSOME

ROBERT L. MCFERRAN, MINNEAPOLIS

CORONET



NELL DORR, NEW YORK

WIND, SEA AND SKY

OCTOBER, 1940.



SKID STREET

LANGE, FROM F. S. A.



A. APPLETON, BUFFALO, N. Y.

SPARKS WILL FLY

OCTOBER, 1940



BROOD MOTHER

HENRI CARTIER, PARIS

CORONET



STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO

FIRE ESCAPE

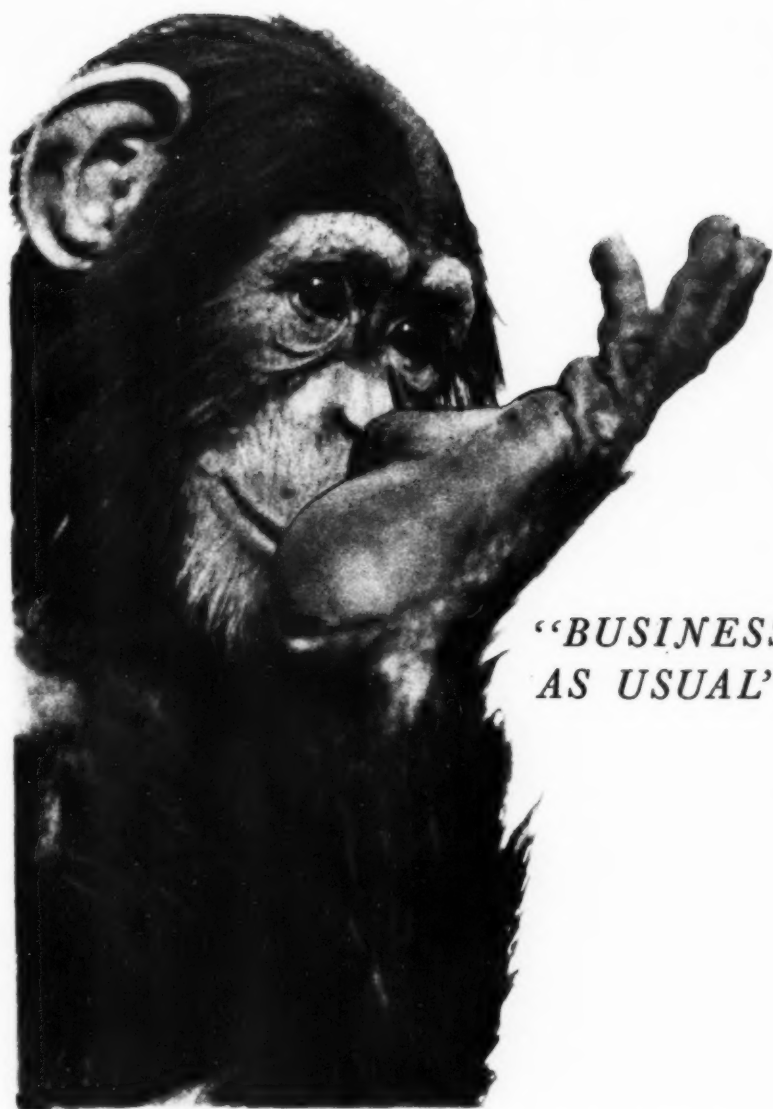
OCTOBER, 1940



TADPOLE

PIERRE BOUCHER, FROM C. ANDERS

CORONET



“BUSINESS
AS USUAL”

A Portfolio of Photographs from the Animal World

OCTOBER, 1940



ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

HEIN GORNY, NEW YORK

CORONET



HEGVEY, FROM EUROPEAN

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

OCTOBER, 1940



MUTUAL ADMIRATION—I REUBEN GOLDBERG, PHILADELPHIA

CORONET



GRACE W. WELLER, CHICAGO

MUTUAL ADMIRATION--II

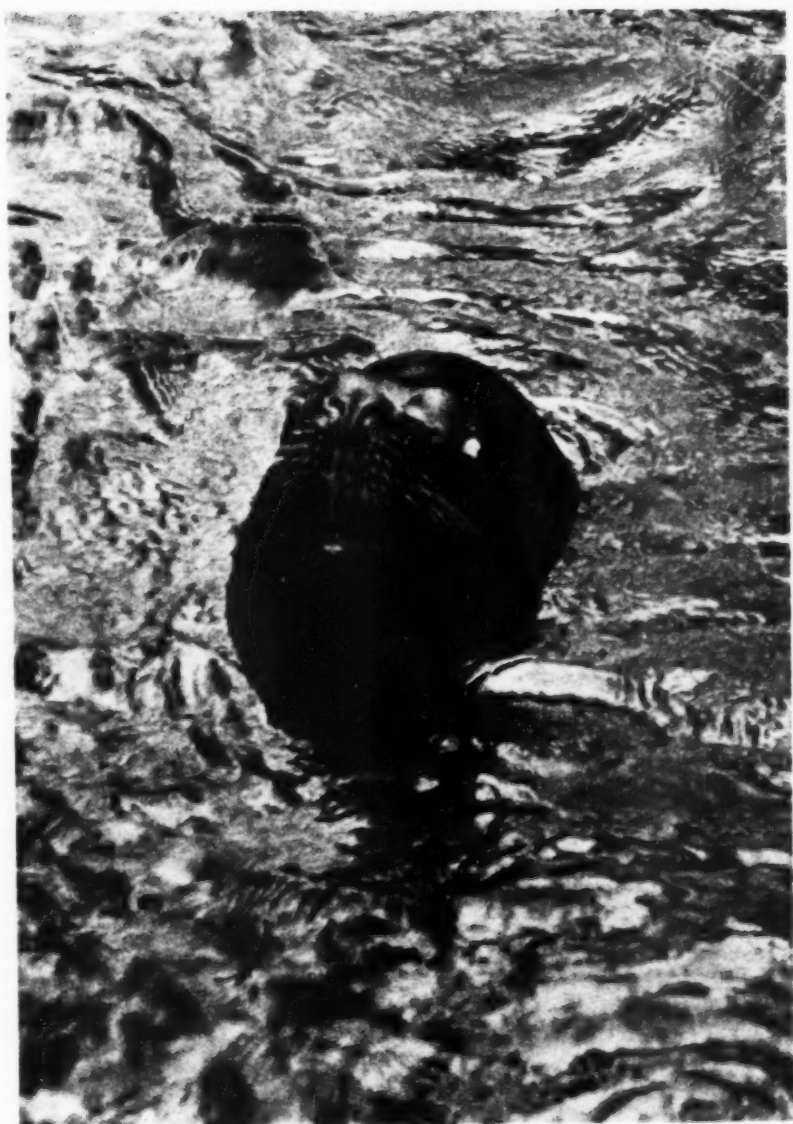
OCTOBER, 1940



HOLED IN

CY LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIF.

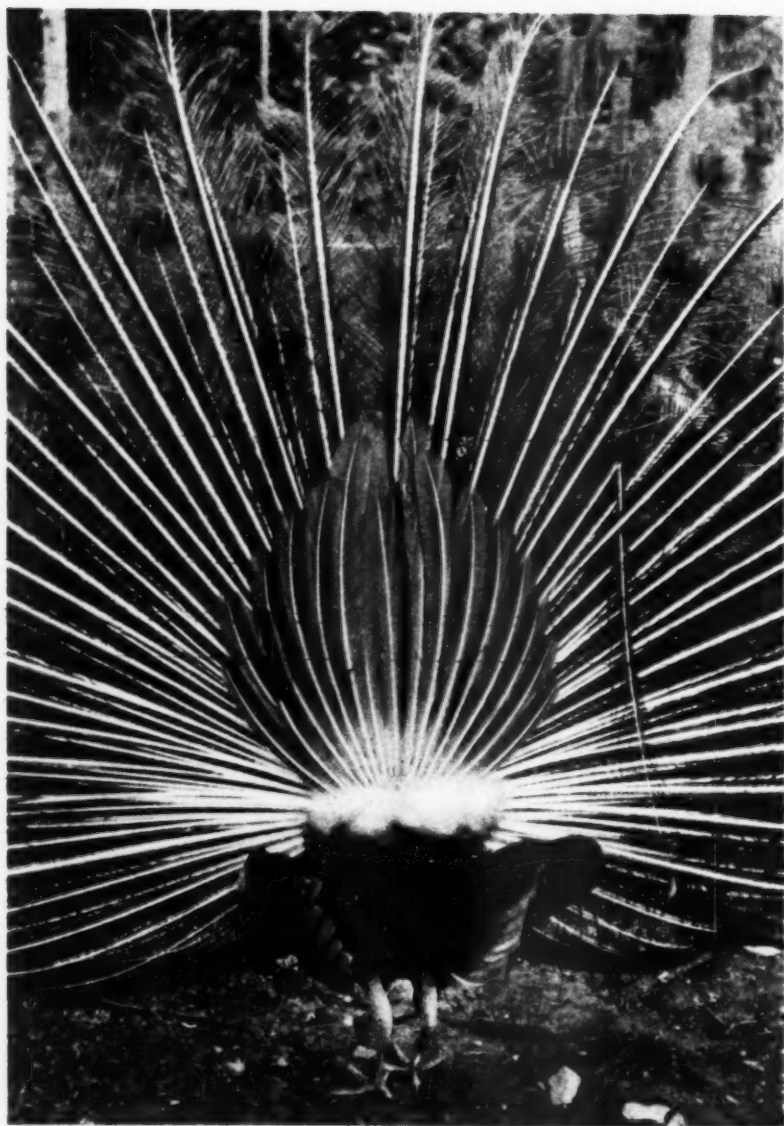
CORONET



CORTEZ ENLOE, JR., NEW YORK

RECONNOITER

OCTOBER, 1940



TAILPIECE

ANDRE KERTESZ, NEW YORK

CORONET

IT WOULDN'T HURT THE PRODUCERS
TO ATTEND A BALL GAME INSTEAD OF
A POLO GAME ONCE IN A WHILE



LOOK HOMEWARD, HOLLYWOOD

by MARTIN LEWIS

SOMETIMES a good hard slap brings a dizzy person to his senses, and that is the present hope for Hollywood. The motion picture industry was the first major American business to feel the impact of the European upheaval. The slap came at the time when picture-makers were dizzy from a long series of box-office blows. They had thrown in everything from Technicolor to free crockery. Business kept getting worse.

With the beginning of the war the more optimistic producers decided they would simply have to figure out some way of getting along, temporarily, without the usual cash coming in from European runs. Others figured that retrenchment would get them through the crisis. Foreign runs, generally speaking, are counted on to make the profit margin on

films, while the American showings make up the cost. On this basis, even without payments from abroad, there need be no severe losses.

But the few who insisted on looking at the worst side of the picture-business contemplated the possible effect of a German victory: the revival of the German film industry, the domination of the markets of the defeated nations by German, instead of American, movies.

A kind of panic developed, with curtailment of production, wage slicing, and economies even to the turning off of extra hall lights in certain office buildings. All through spring and summer there was confusion in Hollywood. Producers didn't know whether to set up films for the world market or the domestic market, they didn't

know whether to make war-minded movies, anti-war movies, serious movies, comedies, historical movies, or adventure pictures. All they yearned for was escape from this dilemma. So they made escape pictures, perhaps correctly interpreting the public mood as akin to their own. But pretty soon all the desert islands upon which stray husbands or wives could be shipwrecked seemed to have been used up.

And then, many film folk set themselves to thinking. They had plenty of time, because they were making far fewer pictures than usual. From their immediate dilemma, their thoughts gradually led them backward to more basic causes, and even into examination of the entire nature of the moving-picture business.

First, and obviously, their immediate dilemma would not be half so sharp if they had to think only of meeting American taste. It was because Hollywood was trying to satisfy the tastes of all the peoples in a world at odds with itself that the choice and treatment of subject material was so difficult.

That Hollywood films are designed for the world, instead of only for America, is a primary fact not often considered when

discussing the content of films. But this starting consideration explains effects in two directions:

The editorial restraint necessary to a medium that is trying to please the entire world has practically eliminated national and racial prejudices from American films. Except, of course, during war conditions. The vast bulk of films exhibit a tolerance and a friendliness to racial types. Thus the American sense of equality, as regards racial and national roots, the democratic idea expressed in the melting-pot conception of the American type, has been emphasized through the very necessities for amenity in world trade.

It is true that the film can be turned to stir up hatreds against peoples, quickly enough, in times of war. And yet it might be noted that in the second World War, governments again and again stressed that they had no hatreds against peoples, but rather hatred against misguiding leaders.

Though Hollywood's market was—and probably still will be—the world, it must be realized that the making of films on American soil meant that they would inevitably be impregnated with American character, however much they strove to adapt themselves to a world view. Language,

locale, and most important of all—pace—remain American, no matter how many great foreign directors, actors, writers work in Hollywood. And hence the world has, while influencing Hollywood, been reciprocally influenced by our vital spirit in films.

It is this very sense of vitality that was the basic mark of the American film. It was what peoples of other lands meant when they thought of movies, Hollywood movies. Speed, breeziness, go-getterism, informality, expansion, success: all were expressions of vitality. And all were expressions of America.

The American girl, as the symbol of this land, could accomplish anything. She married her boss; or if she was rich, she married a deserving young man with constructive, productive ideas: a young medical genius, a bridge builder, a Western scout.

Nothing fazed us. *The Covered Wagon* set the pattern for the pioneer tales of expansion, and whether the tale was of conquering the West, or conquering Broadway, or conquering yellow fever, success was always there, and limitless. This was the American idea. And yet only the surface of this idea was presented.

There is nothing wrong with

themes that celebrate pioneering; there is nothing wrong with the latest phase of pioneer-celebration: biographies of great inventors such as Alexander Bell and Thomas Edison and Robert Fulton. But often these stories don't go far enough. They must not only show the struggle and the conquering: they must show the from what and the for what.

In a few instances this has begun to come into pictures. A recent Indian-fighting epic showed the Indians not as devils, but as people who had been given guns, and who were used by cleverer people, instigated to attack the American settlers. Thomas Edison is shown struggling not only against the dark unknowns of science but in even greater struggle against the interests whose gas-franchise would be endangered by his bringing cheaper and better light to the people of New York.

Exciting and glamorous backgrounds, adventurous and dangerous professions have been employed for films, to the point where nothing else seems to exist. Now Hollywood must look to all of America for its stories. A stock-clerk's rise to foreman can be as adventurous and exciting as the story of a test pilot—if the stock clerk is shown as a human being.

The present turmoil in the world affords Hollywood producers an opportunity to look homeward, to study the vast sources of material here. To find new strength and new truth for pictures. To make them truer to the American way, as it is today.

For America is much more mature, today, than it was in the jazz era. The films of today, reflecting the problems of today and the way toward their solution, would not only suit us: they would stir the world. Seeing such films, other peoples will feel that Americans still can show them, by strength and vitality and democratic behavior, how to solve their problems.

Hollywood's difficulty, in coming to this understanding, is the difficulty of overcoming habit. And more than that; Hollywood is out of touch with America. A well-known novelist, recently in the picture capital, gives this example of the difficulties of Hollywood producers in finding their way back to American material. The studio city is crying out loud for new material, new ideas, fresh subject matter. The novelist was interested. He wrote a story about a factory, carefully keeping it within the boy-meets-girl, girl-marries-boss formula, but intro-

ducing some fresh, native atmosphere. The girl was the star pitcher on the factory softball team. The boy was the boss's son, a Harvard super-radical. The comedy was in his trying to make a radical out of the girl, who was simply a good unionist, by showing her the night-life of the "wasteful rich." She, of course, had a swell time. The romance was around the boy's teaching the girl all the pitching tricks he had learned at Harvard.

The first producer to examine the script admitted it was the freshest and cutest idea he had seen in two years, but objected that foreign audiences, being uninterested in baseball, would have no interest in the picture.

Next came Hollywood's ace director-producer of sophisticated comedies. He was looking very hard for "a new slant," being as sick as the public of his slick gag epics. The factory girl softball story appealed to him immensely. But it was "too different." After thinking it over he was afraid to risk it, and decided, instead, to do a picture about a very busy doctor who got tired of it all and went to the South Sea Islands, for adventure and escape.

The next to get interested was one of the great names in filmdom,

a director looking for "an idea for an American Ninotchka." He listened to the story, and finally said, "But what brings this boy and girl together? What interest have they in common?" Laboriously, the author reminded him, "Baseball. He teaches her pitching, see. They play ball together. It's right in here—"

In puzzlement, the director shook his head. He simply didn't get it. He had never been to a softball game in his life. He was European.

Now, there is danger of this argument being interpreted as against foreign talent in films. In the view of this writer, Hollywood has had nothing but advantage out of its great assembly of world talent. Through them it has built its international market, and made films one of our top industries. But it wouldn't hurt both the American and the European residents of Hollywood to go to a ball game instead of a polo game once in a while. It wouldn't hurt them to get into America. Their insularity is perhaps one of the greatest hindrances to the development of the film as an American instrument.

For instance, recently a studio was crying for "some new kind of college story" while at the Uni-

versity of Southern California, five minutes drive from the studio, students were in turmoil over the question: Can we marry while in college? Four couples had answered yes, and were proving it by sharing housekeeping expenses, in a big mansion, living better and more cheaply than the single students.

And, for a more conventional theme, the papers and magazines were full of the struggle of the president of a great university who disbanded the school's football team as a protest against professionalism in sport.

These are natural stories, breaking right under their noses.

The emphasis here has been on the whole trend of films, the sum-effect of over 25,000 pictures released in the last twenty-five years. In this time there has been a constant, if small flow of exceptional films, certainly American in their interpretation of life. From the earliest beginnings, when D. W. Griffith was trying to comment on social problems with such pictures as *A Corner in Wheat*, there have been great producers and directors who knew what movies could do. *Intolerance*, *Sunrise*, *Black Fury*, *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *Fury*, *Black Legion*, *A Man to Remember*, *Winterset*, were impor-

tant films of American life. They were not always popular. There have been great films about the democratic way of life, as expressed in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

But peculiarly enough, this most exciting, most important, and most winning of American themes—democracy—the power of the ballot—the picturesque folk-lore of election—has had little expression in films. And then, when elections are pictured, they are usually shown in comedy vein, reflecting the unfortunate and desultory attitude of a great many people toward the act of casting a ballot; *The Great Man Votes* achieved dignity only through a serious speech plunked at the end of a

farcical treatment of a ward politician.

Three Cheers for the Irish, another recent film with an election sequence, is concerned largely with bar-room politics.

Yet the immense popularity of the best of last year's films, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, should have shown the way to producers. Here was a film about how democracy operates, with all the frankness, all the humor, all the fighting integrity and all the hard-fisted idealism of America. We loved it, and the world—the part of the world that might still see it—loved it, for it gave them new hope.

Hollywood's goldmine of material is right at home.

WHY, OH WHY?

DO A GROUP of hilarious people, out for a jolly evening, suddenly become mute when they step in an elevator?

Do women tint their fingernails red?

Does my favorite radio comedian invariably have an off-night when, after praising him highly, I persuade my friends to tune in on him for the first time?

Do people say: "Not necessarily," when you make a statement that stumps them in an argument?

Do they put marshmallows on salad?

Do all musical programs on the radio immediately change into political speeches the minute you sit down at the bridge table? —PARKE CUMMINGS

In the library of human records there is a file labeled "Impossible but Verified." When time places a story in that file, there is little chance of its again seeing the light of day. However, the file is here uncere- moniously opened, and a few strange tales resurrected.

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

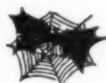
ON ALL SAINTS' Day of 1755, one of the most disastrous earthquakes of all time struck Lisbon. Thirty thousand people died in five minutes—and a quay crowded with people vanished, vanished without leaving the slightest trace that it ever existed.

The quay was brand new, and made entirely of marble blocks. When the quake began, thousands of people crowded the quay as it appeared to be the safest place in the city. It wasn't.

There was a roar, a great surging wave of green water. When the waves settled back there was no quay. The whole thing had vanished. *Not one body, not one stick, not one piece of debris was ever seen again.* Dozens of

wooden boats near the quay also vanished. Not one splinter from any of them ever floated to the surface.

How a quay on which were thousands of people can vanish completely from the face of the earth is a matter for Sherlock Holmes on a grand scale.



ON THE WALL of the Hava Supai Canyon in Arizona is a prehistoric carving which shouldn't be there. It is a crude picture of a carnivorous dinosaur, the most powerful land animal ever to have inhabited the earth. But no human eyes should have

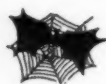
seen a dinosaur in the flesh—for the simple reason that dinosaurs are supposed to have vanished from the earth a score of a million years before man put in an appearance.

Decidedly, there shouldn't be a picture of a dinosaur in Hava Supai Canyon—or any other canyon. There was quite a stew about that carving when it was found. Then there was silence and forgetfulness.

However, there is a footnote to the story, a kind of quiet addendum. Lieutenant Frank Hamilton Cushing, who spent years with the Indians in that region of Arizona, translated a part of one of their myths as follows:

"They were monsters and animals of prey. They were provided with claws and terrible teeth. A mountain lion was but a mole in comparison with them."

But even that couldn't save the dinosaur carving from oblivion.



WHAT FORCE IT was that transported moths into a closed steel and concrete room, then five minutes later caused them to vanish, probably will never be known. The incident was part of a series of inexplicable occurrences which in 1934 ruined the vacation of an American university professor.

From first to last, the doings of

the *Force*, if super-physical agency it was, didn't fit into any conventional idea of ghosts. The summer cottage at Cape Cod where the occurrences were observed was brand new. Ghosts are supposed to be restricted to old houses.

The *Force* rapped, clicked, banged, made sounds like "a sheet of newspaper that swished across the floor," "a match box falling from a dresser," and a "rolling pin rolling across the floor." Besides conventional ghostly footsteps, the *Force* "often made a crash which sounded like a grand piano falling off its legs."

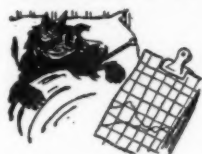
Finally, a concrete and steel garage, which had been sealed shut for months, was mysteriously filled with hundreds of moths. Five minutes after the moths had been discovered, the garage was again visited, and not a single insect could be found. The garage had been tightly closed between the two visits.

The doings of the *Force* were observed by the professor, his wife, and his guests. All of them were skeptical people. To the end they struggled in vain to find a natural explanation. The case was reported with scholarly minuteness. There was a detailed discussion in *Harper's* magazine.

But the incident has still been doomed to the limbo of the forgotten.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Forgotten Mysteries." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

POOR LITTLE ALEX—HOW
MAMA SUFFERED WITH HIM
IN HIS HOURS OF TRAVAIL



TROUBLE IN THE FAMILY

by LOUIS ZARA

THANK you, Mrs. Palmer. I think he's all over it, thank God. He's eating and drinking, even a little playful now and then. Yes, we're all happy about it. But a little while there, and we thought we'd lost him. My Lord, I don't know what we'd have done! These last few years he's really been everything. It's hard to explain my feelings about him; I'm not really an outspoken person. It wells up inside me—Honestly, sometimes I just cried. People think, I know they think it: "Nellie Clark, what have you got to worry about?" Still for months it was trouble, trouble, everywhere I turned, trouble.

It all started with ground steak. I'm very fond of it myself; or I should say, I used to be fond of it. Now I can hardly look it in the face and I haven't touched it

since. My cook has the butcher grind up pure fresh round steak. Then she mixes it with an egg, breadcrumbs, salt and paprika, and she makes these delicious patties. Of course, for him we always saved some out and gave it to him raw the way he likes it. One noon he was eating his fresh ground steak . . . Quietly—I never could complain about his manners—when suddenly he began to snuffle and whine.

I said, "Alex, what's the matter with you? Alex, now stop it!" But he kept it up and soon I realized that he must have pains. I said, "Poor Alex, Mamma is cruel, Mamma does not understand." He looked at me with those dark eyes of his and made pitiful noises.

It was heart-breaking. I was sure something was wrong.

I ordered the car. "Jimmie," I

said to my chauffeur, "Alex is not well." Jimmie understood: in ten minutes we were at Dr. Thuringer's Hospital. We had to wait. The doctor was operating. All this time Alex had not stopped whimpering. I sat in the waiting-room with him on my lap and, believe me, Mrs. Palmer, I suffered with him. Poor Alex, not to be able to say what hurt him! The minutes dragged by, and at last Doctor Thuringer came out.

"Oh, Doctor!" But he knew at a glance something was wrong. "Alex, old fellow!" he said. After all, he's known Alex for three years, ever since we've had him. "This is disturbing," said the Doctor, and said he would examine at once. "You stay out here!" he added brusquely to me, and when he said that my heart fell. I was sure something was wrong.

Forty minutes later by the clock—I nearly died—his nurse appeared and asked me to step inside the examining-room. The doctor was washing up. Alex lay on his side on a little table covered with black leather. He was still whimpering, but listlessly now.

"You must leave him here," said Doctor Thuringer. "A few days anyway. For observation."

"But Doctor!" I pleaded.

"You can come to see him

every morning and afternoon. But we must keep him under observation—that is, if you value his life!"

When he said that I resigned myself. What would I not do for Alex? I walked out alone. "Jimmie," I said to the chauffeur, "we may never see him again." Poor Jimmie; he looked heart-broken, too.

The next morning I saw Alex for five minutes through the glass of the observation ward. There were several other little fellows there. Some were barking and wagging their tails friskily. But not Alex. He lay on his little bed, his tiny red tongue out, and he hardly recognized me. I had brought a small box of peppermint sticks that I had always used to reward him when he was especially good. But Doctor Thuringer said no and would not even let me leave them for Alex. I finally gave them away to several children who had crowded around to admire the car and were talking to Jimmie.

For three days Alex was in that dreadful observation ward. I don't believe I sat down to a complete meal during all that time. Cook prepared special little dishes but I tell you I barely touched them. I know people might think it foolish,

but that's the way I felt: nervous and worried.

On the fourth day when I came to the hospital Alex was no longer in the observation ward. They had taken him to a little private room. Doctor Thuringer let me talk to him for ten minutes, but Alex was still listless and in no mood to be polite.

Then the doctor called me aside. He had diagnosed Alex's ailment as a sick digestive system and said he proposed to use a stomach pump on Alex. Well, if he had said he meant to use it on me I could not have been more shocked. I simply couldn't understand why. The doctor explained carefully but I was still bewildered and dazed. I felt so hurt, so terribly sorry for poor Alex.

"Doctor," I said, "you're sure you're right?"

He said, "I'll stake my professional reputation on that."

Still I hesitated. "Doctor, would you mind a consultation?" I said. "He's all I have in the world." The doctor smiled—doctors think all women are silly—but he agreed that I was within my rights and acting in Alex's best interests.

So he called in Doctor Vergrubben, a small animal specialist who is often summoned when they have trouble at the zoological

parks, and Doctor Vergrubben gave Alex a complete examination. He spent an hour and ten minutes going over Alex—I timed him. When he came out he said he was entirely in agreement with Doctor Thuringer. But not until then did I sign for them to begin using that horrid stomach pump.

The day after the operation—I suppose one would call it that—they wouldn't let me see him at all, not even through the glass. How I suffered, Mrs. Palmer! They may not be human but they do win their way into our hearts.

The second day they permitted me a moment's glimpse of him. He looked pitiful; there was no light in his dear eyes: he couldn't even raise his poor little head. Day after day I came back, once in the morning, once in the afternoon and several times in the evenings, too. He made progress—but slowly. It was three weeks from the day I first took him there that I had my Alex back in our own apartment.

When I got him back I told Jimmie to get the car ready. Do you blame me if I say I was sick of the city? So we drove Alex down to Florida. He had a wonderful time in Miami. Everyone, from the bell-boys to the hotel manager, took a personal interest in

him and in his history. And I think Alex himself began to enjoy it when people pointed him out to each other on the beach. Speaking of the beach, I honestly believe he attracted almost as much attention as some of the bathing suits which, any way you look at them, are of course no longer a novelty.

Then in the spring we came back north. We hadn't really been established again in the city when poor Alex came down with this last affliction, a dreadful intestinal infection. I don't honestly know where he could have got it. I never let him out of my sight. He never sees another dog: I think it's better that way, don't you? And I'm sure my apartment is always spick 'n' span. Cook was ill with tonsilitis and I thought it might have come from her and very nearly let her go on that account. But Doctor Thuringer said he didn't think so and I let her stay after all. Poor Martha, she's been with me eight years.

My poor-severely-punished-little Alex. He was at the hospital another ten days. Fortunately the College of Small Animal Specialists held its annual convention here in the city while he was ill and Doctor Thuringer succeeded in interesting a number of the best

men in the country in his case.

I called one day when he had them there to see Alex. I was so proud. There were X-rays of Alex and samples in tubes and microscopic slides of him—all in the doctor's office. When I came in the doctor introduced me to his visitors: "This is Mrs. Clark, Alex's best friend," he said. We talked about Alex and, of course, all the doctors knew the most intimate details of his history.

Well, that finally cleared up, Heaven be praised! I have him back now and—knockwood!—he's all well again. Of course, I worry about him, but I am grateful for Doctor Thuringer. But for him where might not Alex be now? I shudder—But, my dear, I'm thinking now of endowing one of the rooms. We'd have a bronze plate with his name on it over the doorway with "Alex" inscribed on it.

All that stops me is the thought that people might think it a memorial and, of course, I shudder at the very idea. For he is, at last, thanks for all favors, in passing health. But the trouble I had with him, Mrs. Palmer, trouble, nothing but trouble.

Oh, but you shouldn't let me ramble on so about Alex. Tell me now, how is *your* family?



The Coronet Game Book

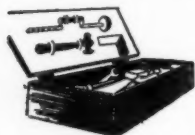
A MISCELLANY OF TESTS AND QUIZZES
THAT YOU CAN TAKE YOURSELF, AND
TRY OUT ON YOUR FRIENDS

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| Tools of the Trade | 104 |
| Game of Flags | 107 |
| They Paid to Advertise | 112 |
| Pictures that History Made | 113 |
| "I Saw It with My Own Eyes" | 117 |
| Great Oaks from Little Acorns | 118 |
| The Good Taste Test | 120 |
| The Literary Touch | 126 |

OCTOBER, 1940

EVERY SELF-RESPECTING TRADE
HAS ITS TOOLS, BUT THE BIG QUESTION
HERE IS WHICH HAS WHICH



TOOLS OF THE TRADE

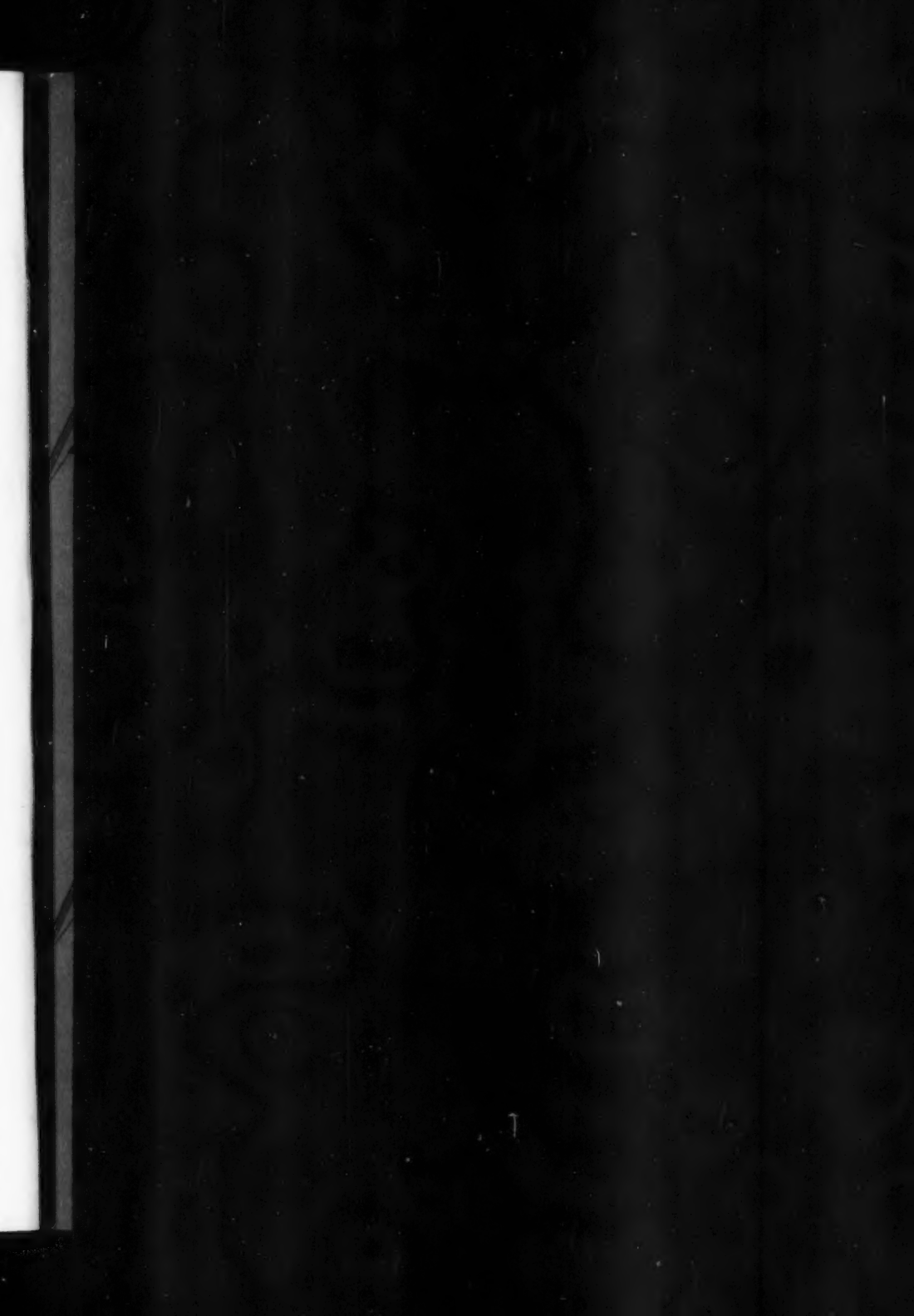
IN this age of specialization we are too prone to mind our own business to know much about the other fellow's. The Jack-of-all trades never earned a lot of money but at least he had the basis of a liberal education. Do you have

enough interest in the world's work to achieve a creditable score on this quiz? Count 2 points for each correct answer. A score of 64 is fair; 74 is good; and 84 or over is excellent. You will find the answers listed on page 129.

1. SLIDE RULE
 - (a) Music
 - (b) Engineering
 - (c) Shoe-repairing
2. SPATULA
 - (a) Masonry
 - (b) Engraving
 - (c) Painting
3. BURR
 - (a) Dentistry
 - (b) Weaving
 - (c) Ceramics
4. JIGGER
 - (a) Trout-fishing
 - (b) Golf
 - (c) Lithography
5. SEISMOGRAPH
 - (a) Geology
 - (b) Stenography
 - (c) Printing
6. DEPOSITION
 - (a) Medicine
 - (b) Law
 - (c) Biology
7. BUNSEN BURNER
 - (a) Steel-working
 - (b) Pottery
 - (c) Chemistry
8. BUTTON
 - (a) Fencing
 - (b) Equitation
 - (c) Badminton

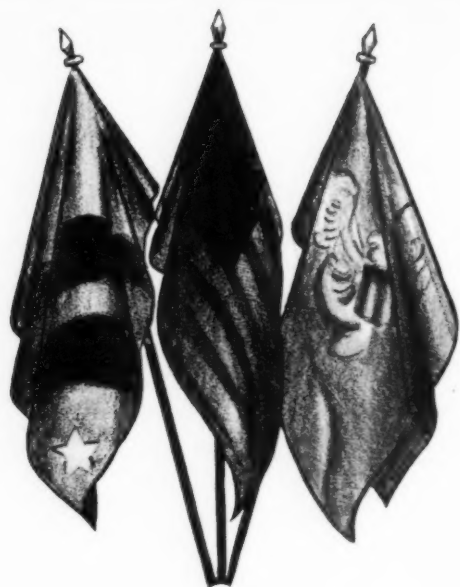
9. SUTURE
 - (a) Dressmaking
 - (b) Surgery
 - (c) Plumbing
10. BUFFER
 - (a) Tailoring
 - (b) Baking
 - (c) Manicuring
11. BURIN
 - (a) Engraving
 - (b) Surgery
 - (c) Dentistry
12. PESTLE
 - (a) Embroidering
 - (b) Pharmacy
 - (c) Engineering
13. HARROW
 - (a) Agriculture
 - (b) Building
 - (c) Mining
14. CALIPER
 - (a) Physics
 - (b) Batik work
 - (c) Painting
15. HYPO
 - (a) Brewing
 - (b) Zoology
 - (c) Photography
16. CRADLE
 - (a) Surveying
 - (b) Ship-building
 - (c) Smelting
17. COMPTOMETER
 - (a) Astronomy
 - (b) Accounting
 - (c) Aeronautics
18. RAMEKIN
 - (a) Archeology
 - (b) Masonry
 - (c) Cooking
19. WICKET
 - (a) Shoemaking
 - (b) Lacrosse
 - (c) Cricket
20. MUTE
 - (a) Music
 - (b) Pedagogy
 - (c) Audiophonics
21. DEBENTURE
 - (a) Journalism
 - (b) Banking
 - (c) Psychiatry
22. FLAIL
 - (a) Sculpture
 - (b) Weaving
 - (c) Agriculture
23. AUDIOMETER
 - (a) Aerodynamics
 - (b) Television
 - (c) Medicine
24. MATRIX
 - (a) Typography
 - (b) Shoemaking
 - (c) Numismatics
25. PROTRACTOR
 - (a) Engineering
 - (b) Wood-cutting
 - (c) Trapping
26. POOLE'S INDEX
 - (a) Genealogy
 - (b) Research
 - (c) Industrial Design
27. BIRD
 - (a) Badminton

- (b) Histology
- (c) Ceramics
- 28. TRANSIT
 - (a) Ballistics
 - (b) Surveying
 - (c) Meteorology
- 29. METRONOME
 - (a) Music
 - (b) Horology
 - (c) Photography
- 30. PLUMB BOB
 - (a) Fishing
 - (b) Carpentry
 - (c) Plumbing
- 31. COLANDER
 - (a) Cooking
 - (b) Construction
 - (c) Trucking
- 32. CRUCIBLE
 - (a) Steel-making
 - (b) Bio-chemistry
 - (c) Astronomy
- 33. PANTAGRAPH
 - (a) Zoology
 - (b) Mining
 - (c) Commercial Art
- 34. CATALYST
 - (a) Taxidermy
 - (b) Cabinet-making
 - (c) Chemistry
- 35. RETINOSCOPE
 - (a) Weather forecasting
 - (b) Ophthalmology
 - (c) Physics
- 36. SEXTANT
 - (a) Navigation
 - (b) Medicine
- (c) Embryology
- 37. TALLIES
 - (a) Horticulture
 - (b) Accounting
 - (c) Tennis
- 38. FLY
 - (a) Fishing
 - (b) Lacrosse
 - (c) Hockey
- 39. FORMALDEHYDE
 - (a) Mineralogy
 - (b) Photography
 - (c) Embalming
- 40. FERULE
 - (a) Agriculture
 - (b) Pedagogy
 - (c) Metallurgy
- 41. GOUACHE
 - (a) Horticulture
 - (b) Dry Cleaning
 - (c) Painting
- 42. MITRE-BOX
 - (a) Jewelry-making
 - (b) Carpentry
 - (c) Embroidering
- 43. ELEVATOR
 - (a) Dentistry
 - (b) Distilling
 - (c) Engraving
- 44. RESIN
 - (a) Billiards
 - (b) Bowling
 - (c) Baseball
- 45. HANK
 - (a) Bacteriology
 - (b) Knitting
 - (c) Lithography









THE flag that has been furled in surrender to superior force is a banner not to be dismissed from the mind—but to be all the more carefully fixed in the memory. Among the group of twenty-four flags reproduced in color underneath this flap are the emblems of some defeated nations. Can you identify them, along with the others? Name as many as you can and then check your answers against the identifications on the next page. A score of twelve correct answers is average. To be used as a clue, here are the names of the twenty-four nations, listed in scrambled order:

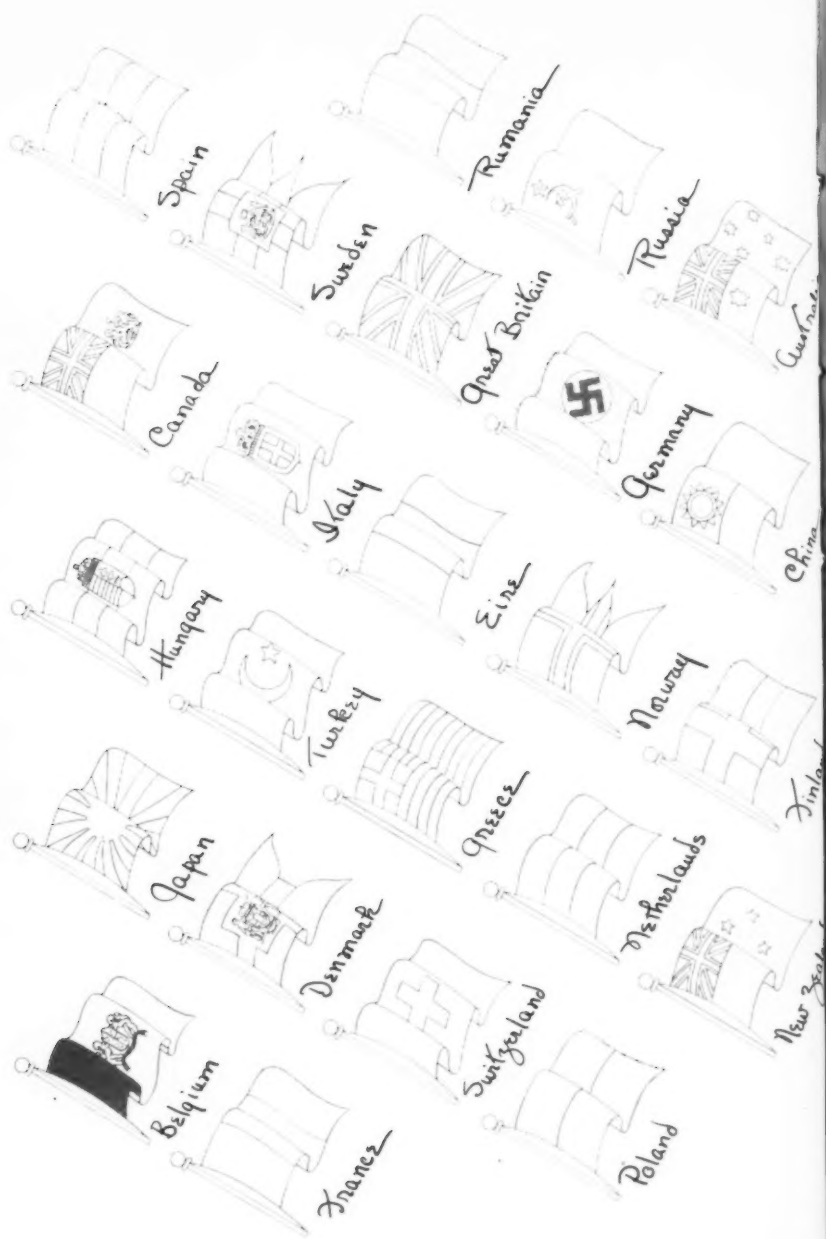
Great Britain
Eire
Switzerland
China
New Zealand
Denmark

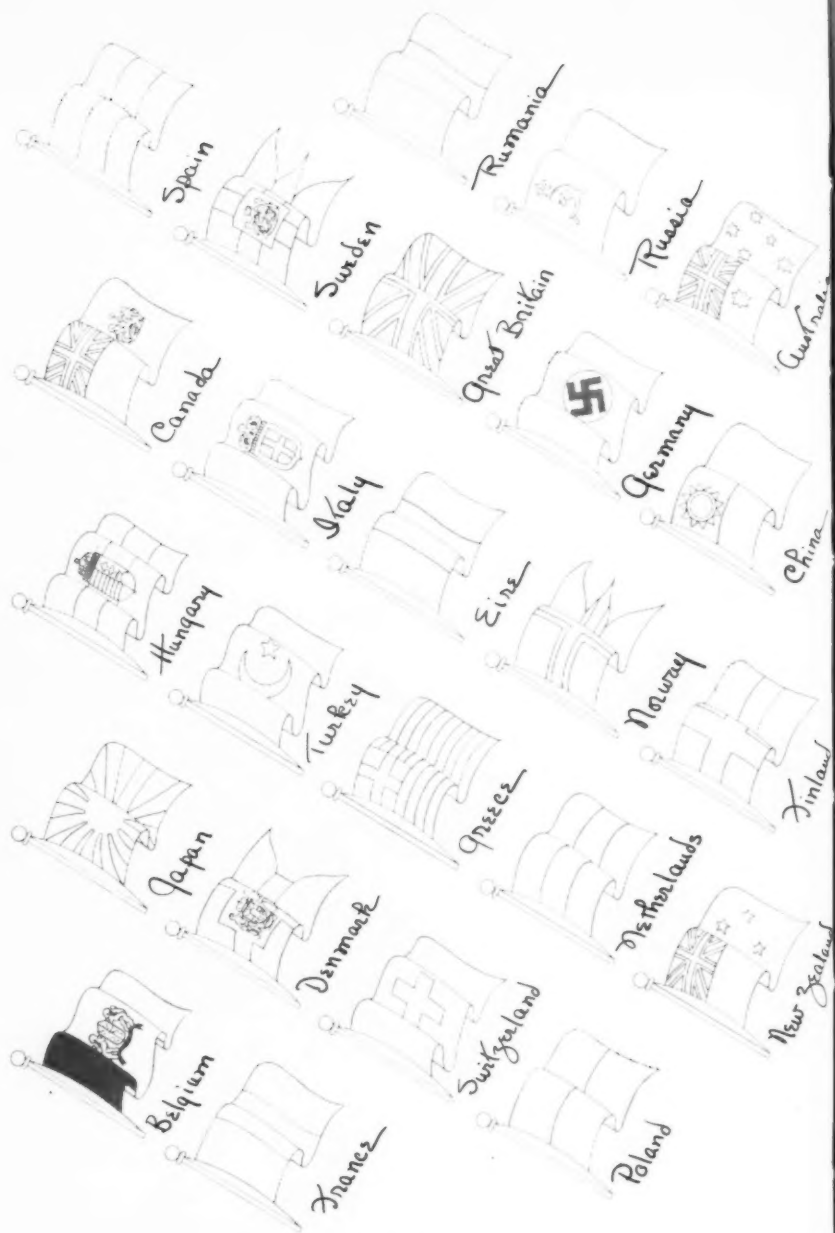
Canada
Belgium
Poland
Hungary
Germany
Norway

France
Japan
Greece
Russia
Netherlands
Sweden

Italy
Spain
Turkey
Australia
Rumania
Finland

NOTE: Free reprints of this gatefold—as well as of the other two gatefolds in this issue—will be mailed, unfolded, upon written request. Address the Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.





46. PINKING SHEARS
 (a) Dressmaking
 (b) Gardening
 (c) Coppersmithing
47. ELECTROLYTIC DETECTOR
 (a) Navigation
 (b) Ballistics
 (c) Telegraphy
48. TONGS
 (a) Sugar-refining
 (b) Blacksmithing
 (c) Laundering
49. THEODOLITE
 (a) Surveying
 (b) Mining
 (c) Hydrography
50. CRAMP
 (a) Distilling
 (b) Etching
 (c) Shoemaking

GOING, GOING, GONE

THE great European dermatologist, Professor Lassar, was known to have had significant success in the treatment of falling hair and the prevention of baldness.

One of his patients found that he had to travel abroad but he arranged with the professor to send him weekly several of his hairs for analysis and to assist the professor in further prescriptions.

Over a lengthy period of time, he continued sending his hair specimens and received in return detailed instructions as to massage, use of unguents and general care.

The professor proceeded to make use of the hair samples in his university classes to illustrate how he made the diagnosis and then prescribed the proper

treatment for his star patient to follow.

It was his habit to come into class each Monday morning, with the envelope containing the most recent sample sent by his patient. One morning he walked briskly to his lecture post, opened the envelope and with a twinkle in his eye read the following letter to his students:

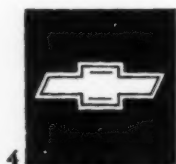
"My dear Professor Lassar: I do not doubt that your treatment has been of great benefit to me and I appreciate all that you have done. I regret therefore that enclosed you will find the last sample of my hair that I shall be able to send. I have no more.

"Very faithfully yours,
 Fritz Neumann."

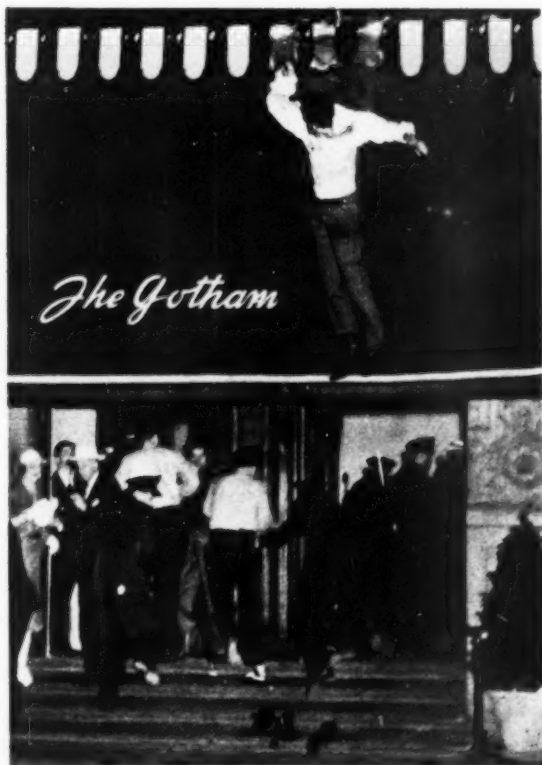
—ERNEST WALLIS

THEY PAID TO ADVERTISE

Millions of dollars have been spent in publicizing the fifteen trademarks shown on this page. Was it money well spent as far as you were concerned? You can determine that for yourself by jotting down, on a separate sheet, the names of as many of the fifteen companies behind these trademarks as you can. Eleven correct identifications may be considered good. Answers are on page 129.



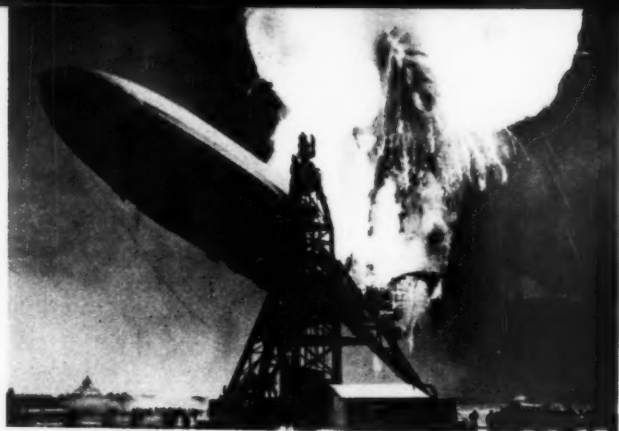
PICTURES THAT HISTORY MADE



THE ten photographs that appear on this and the following three pages are among the most famous in camera journalism. If you're normal, you should be able to identify the events behind at least six of them.

You'll find the official identifications on page 130, but don't insist upon perfection in your answers. If you can state the essential nature of the news event in each instance, your answers should of course be scored as correct.

OCTOBER, 1940



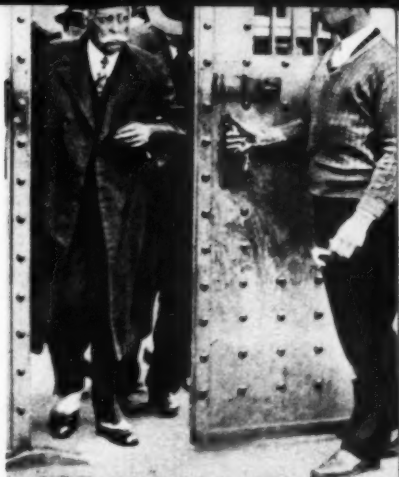
2



3



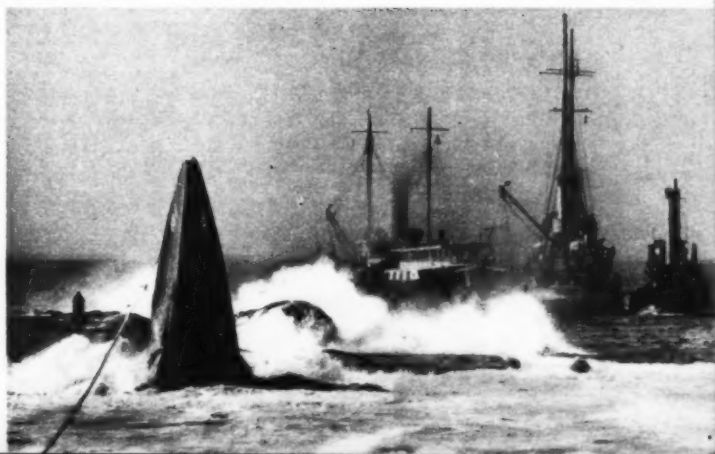
4



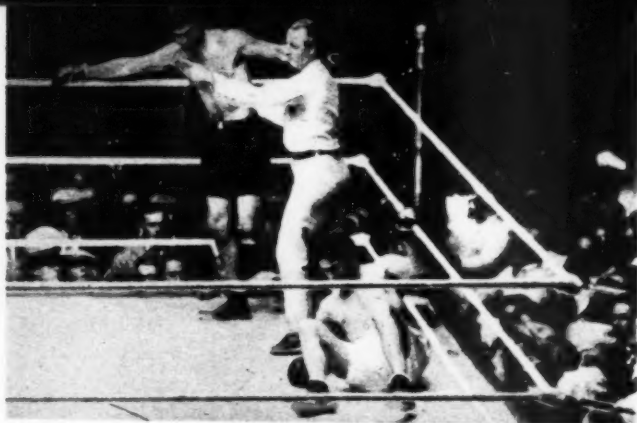
5



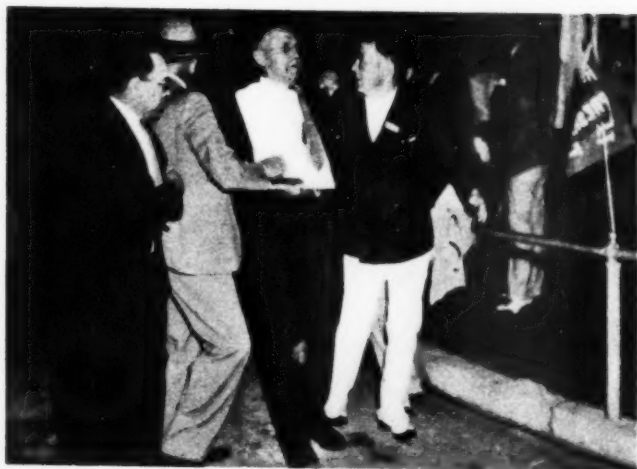
6



7



8



9



10

*"I SAW
IT WITH
MY OWN
EYES"*



A PHOTOGRAPHIC memory is, as Goldwyn might express it, a convenience with which most people do without. However, even if your memory functions in the normal hit-or-miss manner, you should score more hits than misses on this test. You are asked to study the photograph on this page for one full minute, carefully

noting as many specific details as you can. Then turn to page 130 and see how many of the questions based on this picture you can answer from memory. Score yourself by again referring to the photograph after you have finished writing down your answers. A score of seven correct answers is good, nine or ten unusual.

GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS

Most persons are very smart about children. "He looks just like his Uncle Oscar," they say. If it's that easy, this quiz ought to be simple. Your job is to figure out which of the eight children on the opposite page look like themselves, as seen in adult versions on this page. Unless you have a special flair for this sort of thing, don't expect to get more than four or five right. The answers are on page 131.



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT



BETTE DAVIS



WALLACE BERRY



GEORGE VI



WENDELL WILLKIE



CAROLE LOMBARD



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



LIONEL BARRYMORE

CORONET



1



2



3



4



6



5



7



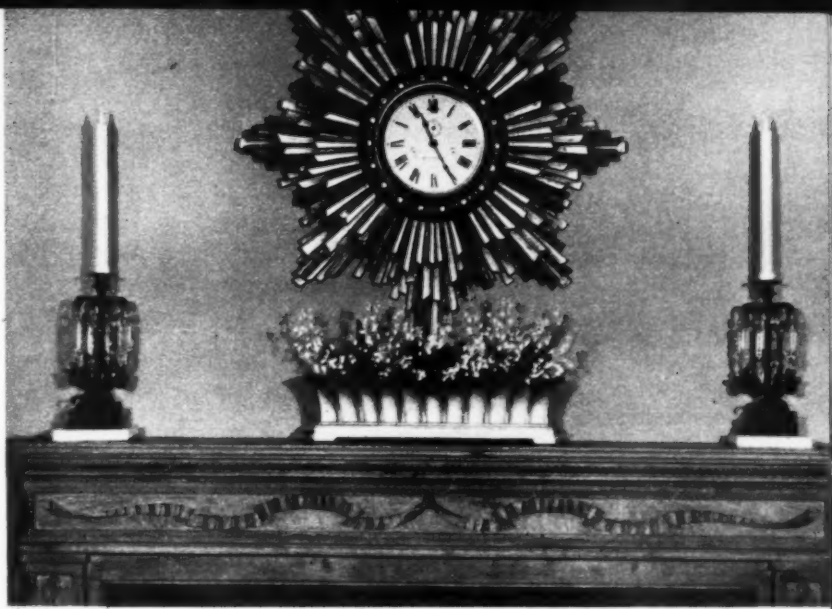
8

OCTOBER, 1940

THE GOOD TASTE TEST

*When Modern Meets Period, Which Do
You Prefer? Answers on Page 131*

THERE are no hard and fast rules concerning the proper use of modern furniture as opposed to Period furniture. There are even moments when the twain can meet, harmoniously, on the same grounds. It is almost always sensible to utilize modern furniture in a modern apartment and Period furniture where living rooms are not so angular and stark; but the rules are *not* hard and fast. On the following pages you are given five problems—five questions as to whether to use modern or not-so-modern furnishings and furniture in different settings. The test has been arranged for Coronet by Miss Sylvia Shenbaum of Bloomingdale's Furniture Department, New York. If you like modern, you can be stubborn and select only the modern arrangement; or vice versa, if you detest modern. There is no point in taking this test, however, unless you can forget personal taste to the extent of being fairly objective in your selections.



A

- 1 The chief element here is the 18th Century "ribbon" mantel. Above, you see it set off with a sunburst clock, girandoles, flower box; below, a modern woodcut, vase and modern metal figurines. Which arrangement is more harmonious?

B



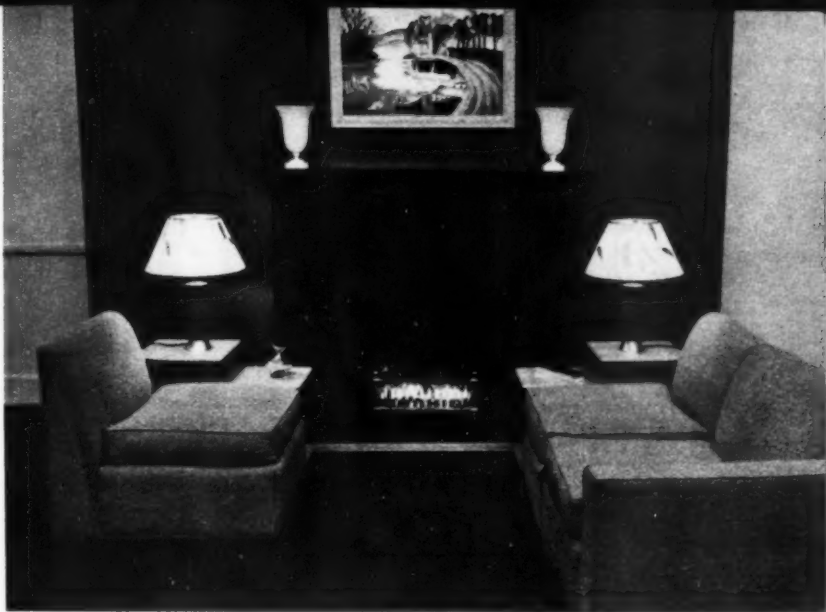


A

- 2 *This is a modern desk designed by Alexis de Sakbnoffsky. The chair and desk lamp are different in each picture, varying not so much in type as in the degree of their modernity. Which chair and lamp would you select for the desk?*



B



A

3 In these two photographs of the same room, only the fireplace remains the same. Above, every article is modern; below, every piece is bona fide Victorian. If this were your fireplace, would you modernize—or Victorianize—it?

B





A

- 4 Problem of problems is milady's boudoir. In both settings the dressing table is the same, but the chairs and lamps represent conflicting tastes. Which is better—the modern chair and lamp above or the more conventional pair below?

B





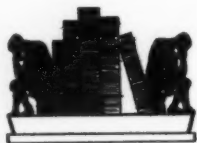
A

- 5 Here is a Regency room with a modern fireplace. Above, the lamps and end tables are Regency; below, they are modern. The question is: if it were up to you, would you key to the sofas (as above) or to the fireplace (as below).

B



A QUIZ THAT TESTS YOUR
EAR FOR RHYTHM AND
YOUR INSTINCT FOR WORDS



THE LITERARY TOUCH

IF YOU have a feeling for words, here is an excellent chance to prove it—for nowhere else, so much as in a poem, does the choice of individual words make or mar the effect of the whole. In each of the following ten extracts from more or less well-known poems, some of the key words have been omitted. Your task is to choose the most apt word or phrase from the suggested list.

To a certain extent, of course, this is a memory test as well as a test of literary taste, since you may be able to recall some of the pass-

ages word for word and therefore experience no doubt as to the correct choice from the suggested list. If you are that familiar with poetic literature you are entitled to the resulting boost in your score.

Scores vary radically in a quiz of this type. But 20 correct answers out of the total of 32 questions can be considered reasonably good. If you are in the mood for an added test, despite the fact that it has no bearing on the score, try to name the authors—if you want to go still further, try to identify the titles. Answers will be found on page 132.

I

*I never saw a man who looked
With such a (1) eye,
Upon that little (2) of blue
Which prisoners call the sky.*

- (1) delighted, sad, wistful, enraged
(2) tapestry, tent, cornice, bolt

II

*Resignedly beneath the sky
The (1) waters lie,
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem (2) in air,
While from a (3) tower in the town
Death looks (4) down.*

- (1) gurgling, wild, melancholy, purple
- (2) suspended, glittering, pendulous, misty
- (3) proud, big, haughty, slender
- (4) wearily, gigantically, coldly, implacably

III

*This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the (1) main—
That venturous bark that flings
On the (2) summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs (3), where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their (4) hair.*

- (1) heaving, unshadowed, deep blue, still
- (2) sweet, flowing, tempestuous, playful
- (3) dark, resplendent, enchanted, eerie
- (4) bright, long, streaming, greenish

IV

*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A (1) pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns (2) to man
Down to a (3) sea.*

- (1) pretty, gay, stately, great
- (2) strange, unknown, measureless, frightening
- (3) dank, sunless, mysterious, vast

V

*The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:*

*The long light (1) across the lakes,
And the (2) cataract (3) in glory.*

- (1) glitters, shakes, gleams, dances
- (2) quiet, playful, wild, charming
- (3) leaps, shimmers, flows, trembles

VI

*When the (1) of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain*

Fills the shadows and windy places

With (2) of leaves and (3) of rain . . .

- (1) breezes, flowers, hounds, heralds
- (2) fluttering, whisper, lisp, shuffle
- (3) pattering, ripple, downpour, threat

VII

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where (1) Sappho loved and sung,

Where grew the arts of war and peace,

Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!

(2) summer (3) them yet,

But all, except their sun, is set.

- (1) sensual, burning, lustrous, charming
- (2) everlasting, flowery, eternal, peaceful
- (3) gazes at, paints, gilds, shines on

VIII

I heard the (1) garments of the night

(2) through her (3) halls!

I saw her sable skirts all (4) with light

From the celestial walls!

- (1) swishing, trailing, beauteous, glittering
- (2) sweep, whispering, float, soar
- (3) cold, loathsome, marble, cavernous
- (4) bright, dotted, fringed, shining

IX

*O wild West Wind, thou (1) of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose (2) presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like (3) from an enchanter fleeing . . .*

- (1) gust, heart, breath, song
- (2) unseen, mysterious, blustering, determined
- (3) creatures, fairies, ghosts, sinners

X

*Come, Fill the Cup, and in the (1) of Spring
Your (2) garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To (3)—and the Bird is on the Wing.*

- (1) warmth, fire, breezes, tides
- (2) torn, winter, outmoded, autumnal
- (3) wander, carol, soar, flutter

ANSWERS TO "TOOLS OF THE TRADE"

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. B | 11. A | 21. B | 31. A | 41. C |
| 2. C | 12. B | 22. C | 32. A | 42. B |
| 3. A | 13. A | 23. C | 33. C | 43. A |
| 4. B | 14. A | 24. A | 34. C | 44. C |
| 5. A | 15. C | 25. A | 35. B | 45. B |
| 6. B | 16. B | 26. B | 36. A | 46. A |
| 7. C | 17. B | 27. A | 37. A | 47. C |
| 8. A | 18. C | 28. B | 38. A | 48. B |
| 9. B | 19. C | 29. A | 39. C | 49. A |
| 10. C | 20. A | 30. B | 40. B | 50. C |

ANSWERS TO "THEY PAID TO ADVERTISE"

- 1. Insurance Co. of North America; Company; 9. Goodyear; 10. Raleigh cigarettes; 11. Bell Telephone (A.T. & T.); 12. Shell oil; 13. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; 14. General Electric; 15. Talon Fasteners.
- 2. Arm & Hammer baking soda; 3. Pontiac; 4. Chevrolet; 5. R.C.A.-Victor; 6. Fisher Bodies; 7. Socony-Vacuum; 8. United States Rubber

ANSWERS TO "PICTURES THAT HISTORY MADE"

1. John Ward ends his day-long indecision and, watched by horrified thousands, plunges to his death from the 17th floor ledge of the Hotel Gotham in New York. July 26, 1938.
2. The dramatic moment when the dirigible *Hindenburg* exploded and sank in flames to the ground at Lakehurst, New Jersey. May 6, 1937.
3. King Alexander of Yugoslavia lies dead in the back of his car, assassinated with Jean Louis Barthou in Marseilles. October 9, 1934.
4. Charles A. Lindbergh testifies, for the State in the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. January 3, 1935.
5. Samuel Insull is brought to justice when his long flight temporarily ends at the Cook County Jail in Chicago. November 24, 1934.
6. The Coronation of King George VI. May 12, 1937.
7. The bow of the submarine *Squalus* shoots to the surface and then sinks again, undoing seven weeks of salvage work. July 13, 1939.
8. The long count—Referee Dave Barry motions Dempsey to a neutral corner as Tunney begins his fifteen second vigil on the canvas. September 22, 1927.
9. Mayor Anton J. Cermak of Chicago receives the fatal bullet intended by assassin Guiseppe Zangara for President-Elect Roosevelt. February 15, 1933.
10. The spark that set off the first World War is struck as Gavrilo Princip, the assassin of Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, is hustled to prison. June 28, 1914.

QUESTIONS FOR "I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES"

(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 117.)

1. On the floating pier in the foreground there are
 - (a) two boats
 - (b) three boats
 - (c) no boats
2. The dock is constructed of
 - (a) wood planking
 - (b) concrete
 - (c) stone and mortar
3. The boatman in the background
 - (a) wears a polo shirt
 - (b) wears a sweater
 - (c) there is no boatman
4. There are oars in
 - (a) all but one boat
 - (b) all but two boats
 - (c) no oars visible
5. On the floating pier in the foreground, the boats are seen
 - (a) from the stern
 - (b) from the bow
 - (c) from both stern and bow
6. Kunning from the dock to the floating pier are several

- (a) ropes
- (b) chains
- (c) strands of wire
- 7. The water is
 - (a) choppy
 - (b) calm
- 8. The shadows are cast
 - (a) forward
 - (b) backward
- 9. Floating in the water there are
 - (a) three boats
 - (b) five boats
 - (c) seven boats
- 10. The dock has several handrails constructed of
 - (a) wood planking
 - (b) wire
 - (c) metal posts and rope

ANSWERS TO "GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS"

1. Wallace Beery; 2. Wendell Willkie; 5. George VI; 6. Eleanor Roosevelt;
 3. Carole Lombard; 4. F. D. Roosevelt; 7. Lionel Barrymore; 8. Bette Davis.

ANSWERS TO "THE GOOD TASTE TEST"

1. A is better, even if you're a modernist at heart. The fireplace is frankly antique in design, with the result that the clock, girandoles and flower box in A are perfectly consistent. The picture and sculpture pieces in B are too modern for the fireplace.

2. B is the correct combination. This desk is purely modern in concept and its accessories must also be modern, as in B. In A, the rounded lines of the chair and its "nail head" upholstery are far too fussy for the strict lines of the desk. The porcelain lamp is out of keeping and impractical.

3. The fireplace in this room is obviously Victorian and is most consistently treated when surrounded by Victorian furnishings, as in B. Notice in A how the massive modern furniture has dwarfed the fireplace, and how out of place it seems. In B,

however, the Victorian feeling has been preserved intact.

4. Inasmuch as the dressing table—which is the main article of furniture—is modern, all other pieces around it should preserve the same mood. A is the correct ensemble here. The chair in B is far too fussy and the lamps are not as aptly modern as in A, carrying no design relationship to anything else in the room.

5. This is one of those foolers: both settings are correct here. This room offers an extremely interesting decorating problem. The room itself, the walls, the sofas and the drapes are in Regency style. But the designer has deftly fashioned a *modern* fireplace that is entirely consistent with the Regency feeling, demonstrating that there *are* moments when the old can sit alongside the new in complete

harmony. In A, for example, the lamps are straight Regency, as are the tables. These match the walls, sofas and drapes. In B, the lamps and

tables are of modern design, to match the mood of fireplace and mirror. Both of these settings are harmonious, consistent, correct.

ANSWERS TO "THE LITERARY TOUCH"

I

1. wistful

2. tent

The poet is Oscar Wilde (*Ballad of Reading Gaol*)

II

1. melancholy

2. pendulous

3. proud

4. gigantically

The poet is Edgar Allen Poe (*The City in the Sea*)

III

1. unshadowed

2. sweet

3. enchanted

4. streaming

The poet is Oliver Wendell Holmes (*The Chambered Nautilus*)

IV

1. stately

2. measureless

3. sunless

The poet is Samuel Taylor Coleridge (*Kubla Khan*)

V

1. Shakes

2. Wild

3. Leaps

The poet is Alfred Lord Tennyson (*Blow, Bugle, Blow*)

VI

1. hounds

2. lisp

3. ripple

The poet is Charles Algernon Swinburne (*From Atalanta in Calydon*)

VII

1. burning

2. eternal

3. gilds

The poet is Lord Byron (*The Isles of Greece*)

VIII

1. trailing

2. sweep

3. marble

4. fringed

The poet is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (*Hymn to the Night*)

IX

1. breath

2. unseen

3. ghosts

The poet is Percy Bysshe Shelley (*Ode to the West Wind*)

X

1. fire

2. winter

3. flutter

The poet is Omar Khayyam, as translated by Edward Fitzgerald (*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*)

No matter what the stock market does, there is always a bull market on bright ideas. The race for good jobs is not only to the swift but to the sharp. That's where the bright ideas come in—as these experiences show.

THEY GOT THE JOB

GEORGE CHESNEY was a shipping clerk out of a job. But he had an idea. He went to real estate brokers and got the names of firms that were leasing and moving into bigger quarters in the Bronx. They'll need more employees, Chesney reasoned. By letter, 'phone and personal call, he offered his services, not only on helping them move, but as a permanent staff member. His forehandedness attracted attention and a job.



A YOUNGSTER breezed to the desk of the city editor of the *World*. He wanted a reporter's job. The answer was: overstaffed already . . . experi-

enced reporters only. Finally, to get rid of him, Barrett handed the youth an assignment which every paper in town had failed on—an interview with one of Wall Street's biggest financiers. From other newspapermen the embryo reporter learned the assignment was "impossible." The tycoon gave no interviews. His telephone wasn't listed. Servants and secretaries intercepted home and office callers. Next morning the young man went to police headquarters, where he jotted down the make and number of an automobile. That afternoon he spotted the car and its chauffeur in the financial district. And when, at day's end, the car called to pick up its owner, the would-be *World* reporter, seeming to

emerge from nowhere, stepped into the back seat, too. He got a story, a ride back to the newsroom and—as proof for Barrett and office cynics—Lamont's autograph. That's how A. A. Schechter got started in metropolitan journalism. Now he is NBC's director of news and special events.



THE CASTING director of the Los Angeles' production of *White Cargo* had interviewed some two hundred fifty-odd actors from whom he was to choose eight for parts in the play. By the time he had seen them all, the faces and personalities of the applicants had blended into a confused mass, and the notes he made didn't seem to help much in differentiating one actor from another. The next day at the theatre he received eighteen letters. They were all from the same young man, and they all pleaded for a role. One letter was in Chinese, one in Hawaiian, one in Cockney, one in Eastside slang, and so on. All contained the ambitious actor's name and telephone number. All it cost him was thirty-six cents in postage and a little thought to get the role he wanted in a long-run production.



HIS ALMOST empty pockets told John Melville he must find a job immediately. Somewhere in Boston,

he told himself, there must be a place for him. He could type, keep office records, handle correspondence, do a little bookkeeping. The next Sunday he ran four small newspaper ads. Each consisted of three lines and described one of the things he could do. He received six replies, two from the same employer who was looking for two young men, one to handle correspondence and the other to take charge of bookkeeping. This response was all Melville needed. The double-barreled job was his.



WHILE MAKING his rounds of Cincinnati in quest of a job, young Jimmie Morgan overheard this conversational fragment in an elevator: "... office boy trouble again. I don't know what's the matter with boys today. Either they're lazy and slow or you can't depend on them." Jimmie followed the speaker to his office, told the receptionist he'd like to see the office manager. "Could you use a boy who is quick, reliable and who really wants to work?" he asked. The office manager was interested and offered Jimmie a week's trial—all the time he needed to prove his words.

Readers are invited to contribute to "They Got the Job." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

OFF TO ONE CORNER, IN THE
TEMPLE OF THE SPIRIT,
THE WHITE FOLKS SAT GRINNING



GOD IN RED NEON

by HARRIETT SHERWOOD

AS LEWELLYN rounded the corner, she knew she was late. The big oak doors were shut, and the sidewalk in front of them, red with the light of a neon sign that proclaimed the Temple of the Spirit, was empty.

Lewellyn opened the door and hurried down the steps to the basement. In the anteroom at each side of the doors that led to the Inner Temple, stood Brother Jenkins and Brother Lawrence, their brown faces and long black robes almost indistinguishable in the dimness. Brother Jenkins held the door for her, and she slipped quietly inside. The doors were at the front of the Temple, and at first she could see only a mass of dark faces. Then here and there she caught the shining of white robes and, finally, the outlines of neckties and coat collars, for most

of the congregation was dressed as she was, in everyday work clothes.

As she hurried back to take a seat on one of the long wooden benches, she passed Brother Ambrose on his way to the pulpit, and her anxious face cleared at his cheerful greeting. Brother Ambrose was a fine man. There wasn't anybody in the Temple he didn't know, and couldn't tell what to do about their troubles. A lot of people thought he was even better than the Bishop.

Lewellyn saw that the red neon signs above the altar were already lighted and she was sorry she had missed seeing them come on, one word at a time—first the ones at the left side, GOD IS LOVE—then those at the right, JESUS WEPT—and finally the big arc gleaming brightly across the center, JESUS IS THE LIGHT

OF THE WORLD.

Lewellyn settled back, relaxing, and watched Brother Ambrose walk up the aisle, his white robe trailing behind his majestic figure like a cloud of glory, and the red cape over it like a banner.

"Sweethearts!" Brother Ambrose shouted, and the congregation was immediately still. "Sweethearts! Y'all know why Ise here."

"That's right!" moaned Brother Sherman in the front row.

"Y'all know," said Brother Ambrose, "why de Bishop AIN'T here tonight."

"Well, tell us," chanted Sister Jane.

"He's in CHICAGO!" shouted Brother Ambrose.

The choir hummed softly to itself and even Lewellyn, worried as she was, smiled a little. Brother Ambrose had a wonderful voice. You could hear him all over the Temple even when he whispered, and when he shouted, it seemed to enfold you and beat all around you till you couldn't think of anything else.

Brother Ambrose stood motionless for a moment, his black face stuck slightly forward, beaming at the congregation.

"And ya know WHY de Bishop's gone to Chicago?" said Brother Ambrose, suddenly squatting be-

fore the word WHY, then rising on tiptoe as it seemed to roar forth in supernatural tones. "BECAUSE, sweethearts, he's gonna FIX it! He's gonna fix it to put us on de radio on a NASHUNAL HOOK-up!"

The congregation applauded and shouted.

For the first time Lewellyn noticed a group of white people off in one corner, grinning to themselves; and Lewellyn looked at them resentfully. There were more and more white people now that there was talk of putting the singing on the radio on Sundays. The Bishop let them come because they put money in the collection plate, sometimes even paper money. Still Lewellyn couldn't help wishing the white people would stay away, especially from these Tuesday night services when the messages came from the Spirit.

Brother Ambrose held up his hands for silence.

"Sweethearts," he shouted, "that's why Ise here, 'stead of up dere leadin' my choir." He paused dramatically. "But I got somepin to tell ya, too."

"Yes, Lawd," said Brother Walters.

Brother Ambrose drew himself up to his most commanding height.

"Sweethearts," he said portentously, "take off yo eye-glasses."

Lewellyn didn't have any eye-glasses, but she watched those who did, looking at each other hesitantly for a moment, then removing their glasses.

"Babies," said Brother Ambrose, "can ya SEE me?"

There were nods and scattered replies.

"All right. If ya can see ME," thundered Brother Ambrose, "SWEETHEARTS, WHY DO YOU WEAR THEM GLASSES!"

He frowned accusingly.

"Ya say, 'Ah cain't see to read de paper.' DON'T ya!" he said.

"You're tellin' it Brother. It's de trufe."

"But ya can see ME!" said Brother Ambrose. "An' if ya can see ME, ya can see de LAWD, an' if ya can see de LAWD, ya don't need to see NOTHIN' ELSE!"

The congregation drank in his shouts and clapped and cried, "Praise de Lawd."

Brother Ambrose smiled benignly.

"Sweethearts, ah loves ya," he said. He made a sign to the choir and they began singing, slowly and without accompaniment. Their voices were throaty and deep and clear, and as they sang Lewellyn could forget where she

was and imagine herself floating on clouds or walking through sunlit fields or sitting on the porch in the evening and watching the sun go down.

After a minute Brother Ambrose raised his hand and the congregation joined in the song. Under the will of the singers the song developed. It grew more plaintive and more beautiful. It wailed and it became heartbreak incarnate.

Lewellyn stopped dreaming and remembered how things really were. She began to sway sorrowfully as she sang. "Oh, Lawd," she sang, "Jim's lef' me, and I'se alone, Lawd. Oh, alone!" She looked at the high ceiling and the rough stone walls, and they were like her life, cold and bare. "Oh, bring him back, Lawd. Bring him back to me, Lawd. Bring him back! Bring him back!"

As the song sank to a last lingering cry, Brother Ambrose held out both his arms.

"Babies," he said slowly, "some folks'll fool ya. Some folks'll tell ya a message an' just make it up! Yas, ah said MAKE IT UP!" He shook his head. "But, sweethearts, ah don't fool nobody. Ah'll give ya messages. Ah sure will. But ever' word ah speaks comes fum de LAWD HISSELF! Don't ya know it, chillun?"

"Amen," said Brother Gibson. Lewellyn held her hands together tightly. If he would only have a message for her. She trembled with eagerness and fear.

Brother Ambrose suddenly closed his eyes and turned his face upward, as though waiting, the congregation watching him soundlessly.

"Brothers," he began, and then stopped abruptly and mouthed a great formless roar. "Brothers!" he called excitedly, "dat was de Spirit! De Spirit has spoke to me, sweethearts!"

He opened his eyes.

"Sister EULA!" he shouted. "Stand up!"

A pretty, high yellow stood up promptly.

"Sister Eula," said Brother Ambrose, "de Spirit's only got one thing to tell ya. Just one thing. DON'T DO IT! Ya understan' what ah means?"

Sister Eula nodded quickly.

"It don't say what ya been a doin' but just DON' DO IT NO MO'!"

"Yes, Brother," said Sister Eula.

"Yo're a good woman, Sister Eula. God bless ya an' keep ya. Sit down."

Sister Eula sat down.

Brother Ambrose mopped his brow and motioned to the choir. "Prayer is de key ob Hebben,"

sang the choir. "Oh, prayer is de key ob Hebben," they exulted. "Faith unlocks de do'."

Lewellyn closed her eyes. Maybe Jim had just gone somewhere to look for work. Down to Adamtown, maybe, to the mines.

"Oh, Lawd," she prayed. "Oh, please, dear Lawd, give me a message. A message fo' me, Lawd. Oh, please!"

When the song died away, Brother Ambrose came forward once more. He looked over the congregation and started to speak. Then he jerked and shuddered and put his hands to his temples.

"Wahaicou! There it is again, sweethearts," he said. "There's the Spirit, givin' me a name!" He paused to concentrate. "Lou . . . Lucile . . . Louella . . ."

"Lewellyn!" cried Lewellyn involuntarily.

"Dat's it, baby. Lewellyn! De Spirit's got a message fo' Lewellyn."

Perspiration stood out on Lewellyn's face.

"It say . . . it say yo're worried an' discouraged, sweetheart, an' ya don' know what to do."

The tears were welling so in her eyes that Lewellyn didn't notice the faces that were peering up at her curiously.

"But, baby, it say all ya got to

do is have Faith. It say put yo faith in de Lawd and it'll all come out all right. Ever'thing about it." He opened his eyes. "An' now, sweetheart, de Spirit'd like to hear ya sing. Sing for de Spirit, Lewellyn."

For just a moment Lewellyn hesitated. Her throat was dry and her face burned. Then she heard her own voice, as though far away, singing, "Oh, Lawd, de light is gone. Oh, Lawd, de light . . . de light is gone. Here in de dark I wait, oh, Jesus. De light is gone."

Brother Ambrose nodded solemnly.

"Dat's all, sweetheart. Sit down."

Lewellyn sat down.

Brother Ambrose looked at his wrist watch.

"Sweethearts," he said, "it's gittin' late, an' we all got to get up early in de mawnin'. Shall we pray," he said, and bowed his head.

Oh, Jim, prayed Lewellyn, hearing nothing but her own thoughts. Come back to me. Come back, Jim. Oh, Lawd, I got faith. Bring him back to me.

She realized suddenly that the choir was singing.

"There is power," they sang, "power, power, wondrous working power, wondrous working power

in the sacred blood of the Lamb."

She stood with the congregation.

"There is power," she answered with them, "wondrous working power. There is power in the blood of the Lamb."

Over and over they sang it, the volume steadily increasing until the walls seemed to vibrate in tune. It was changed and embellished. The choir, filled with the joy of singing, stamped their feet and clapped their hands. And gradually the rhythm grew faster and more syncopated. Behind the pulpit Brother Ambrose shuffled in time to it. It became a jazz paeon of Faith.

Lewellyn felt uplifted and reassured. He would be back. Might even be back tonight. Might be at the house right now, waiting for her.

Her eyes sparkled and she could scarcely wait for the service to end. She shook Brother Jenkins' hand dutifully on the way out, but then she made her way quickly to the outer doors.

When she got to the street she began to run.

Harriett Sherwood is 26 years old and married to John D. Weaver, feature writer for the Kansas City Star. "God in Red Neon" is her first published short story. She explains that its background grew out of several visits to Negro revival meetings, occasionally with artist Thomas Hart Benton as guide.

As in previous issues, the stories presented here are not intended to show how much we know about animals. If anything, they indicate how little we know about creatures which are not of our species.

NOT OF OUR SPECIES

IN AN OLD house at Norfolk, England, all was quiet—except for the rats. It was early evening, and across the channel the First World War was raging.

All evening there was a constant scurrying of rats within the walls of the house. Nothing like it had ever been heard before. Finally the rats left the house. There was silence. Apparently not a rodent remained.

An hour later a German airship passing overhead dropped a bomb. The house was partially destroyed. Famous naturalist H. Mortimer Batten reported the case. He added:

"... the fact remains that the more closely one studies rats, the more fully does one become convinced that they

possess certain powers beyond our understanding."

There is a tradition ingrained in the human race about rats leaving doomed ships and doomed buildings—a tradition that may some day have a rehearing before science.



FOR TEN years a single thought dominated a carrier pigeon's brain. The bird had started home, carrying a message. For a decade it steadfastly remembered that it must complete its trip. There are few well verified records of such animal constancy.

The pigeon had been released from Paris during the siege of that city in 1870. To its leg was strapped a message which it was to deliver to French forces outside the city. But the bird fell into the hands of the Prussians and was placed in a pigeon loft.

Ten years later it escaped. Immediately it flew to the spot where the message was to have been delivered. But the message no longer mattered—except to the pigeon.



CERTAINLY THE canary did not know that it was shattering a theory of long standing. It was merely trying to sing a very difficult song in a very strange world.

The canary was one which psychologist Dr. Milton Metfessel of the University of Southern California had kept *completely isolated* since birth. From the moment it pecked its way through the egg shell the bird had lived in a soundproof, artificially lighted cage. No sensation from the normal world had reached it—except one.

For a few minutes every day a “vibrato” was broadcast from a loud-speaker in the canary’s cell. The vibrato is a human-like sound, a sound which no canary *ever* sings. (The theorists have never said anything about “hardly ever.”)

But this canary *taught itself* to sing it. Day after day it struggled to reproduce the sound, trying different methods. Its efforts were picked up by a tiny microphone and recorded on phonographic disks. After weeks of effort, the bird taught itself to sing the new song, and in so doing demolished one more theory about animals.



WHEN A baby in the household of R. L. Garner awoke and began to cry, the family dog, a poodle named Dash, went to the child’s cradle, and standing on his rear feet, rocked the cradle with his front paws. He also whined softly, uttering low, reassuring barks. In a few moments the child dozed off.

Dash had never been taught any such procedure. He had evidently observed how the baby was put to sleep, and had connected cause and effect. After his first success, the dog continued to rock to sleep two later children in the family.

The dog that rocks the cradle is the dog that rules out many a high-sounding theory of instinctive animal behavior.

Readers are invited to contribute to “Not of Our Species.” A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**Michael Evans
in person**

It's about time we introduced to Coronet readers a man who doesn't exist. Meet Michael Evans, our leading contributor.

Mr. Evans first appeared in the May, 1939 issue. Since then his articles have been featured in many issues. Recent subjects were *Making America Safe for Sex*, *M-Day Hits Home* and *U. S. A. in Action*. More often than not, his piece has been scheduled as the opening article.

This is an excellent record, regardless of whether the individual who has established it exists or not. As for Mr. Evans, he has never drawn a breath, sober or otherwise, because he is a man in name only. Michael Evans is the pseudonym of a Washington newspaper correspondent who, under his own name, could not possibly write as freely as he does.

The article in this issue is not a typical example of the imaginary Mr. Evans' free-hitting style. It is a topnotch article, but the point is that no powerful group has as yet come out in favor of insanity, and therefore there was no occasion for close rapier work on anybody's sacred cows.

But whether Mr. Evans happens to be functioning as a daring

young man or not, he is always worth reading. He is not primarily a writer of exposés. He is, above all else, a writer who has developed an unusual faculty for penetrating behind the flat news of events, for digging underneath the surface appearance of developments. He has never failed to emerge with an honest, everyday-life interpretation of whatever subject he treats. He has a remarkable nose for *significance*.

That's why we like Michael Evans. That's why we think you must like him, too.

★ ★ ★

Opponents of the Roosevelt-Wallace ticket will be glad to learn that Mr. Wallace received no payment from us for his article in this issue. Supporters of the ticket will be glad to learn that Mr. Wallace has directed that his fee be sent to the American Red Cross.

★ ★ ★

It is a rare occurrence when an author has two features in the same issue of a magazine. It is virtually unheard of (to our ears, at least) when one of the features is an article and the other a short story. That's the versatile Louis Zara for you, with his article on page 39, *The Native Within Our Gates*, and his story on page 99, *Trouble in the Family*.

THE CORONET WORKSHOP

Continued on this page with the announcement of Project No. 3 is the reader-editor program of the Coronet Workshop. Your participation in this program will be appreciated, regardless of whether you merely send in your vote or enter the Workshop letter

contest as well. The announcement of the results of the balloting on the Cartoon Spread, Project No. 1, will be made in the next issue. The winners of the three prizes in the letter contest in conjunction with Project No. 1 will be announced at the same time.

PROJECT #3

THE GAME BOOK

Beginning on page 103 of this issue is a Game Book consisting of eight different tests and quizzes. You may have enjoyed this feature a great deal, you may have considered it a waste of space better devoted to articles and stories, or your opinion may have come somewhere in between. Please give the editors the benefit of this opinion by voting for one of the following alternatives:

- a** - Publish the Game Book in every issue
- b** - Publish it three or four times a year
- c** - Publish it once a year
- d** - Publish it no times a year
 - 1. But run one or two quizzes an issue
 - 2. Run three or four quizzes an issue
 - 3. Don't run any quizzes in any issue

Please indicate your opinion, either in a letter or on a postcard, and mail to the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE WORKSHOP CONTEST

If you care to write a letter of 100 words or less, stating your reasons for the selection of one of the above alternatives, it will be considered for one of three awards: \$25 first prize, \$15 second prize, \$5 third prize. The right to publish letters received in conjunction with this contest is reserved by Coronet. Please address the Coronet Workshop.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



CORONET

Fourth Anniversary Issue

Why Hitler
Can't Win

Ten Jobs in
the Air Force

Bargain-Living
on an Island

Parents Are Bad
for Children

Other Features



NOVEMBER, 1940

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6



In this issue:

Articles

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|-----|
| Why Hitler Can't Win..... | GENEVIÈVE TABOUIS | 3 |
| Bargain-Living on an Island..... | LAWRENCE S. JAMES | 9 |
| Baby Sandy Is a Maybe..... | MARTIN LEWIS | 13 |
| Can You Forecast the Election?..... | ANDREW BARNES | 18 |
| New Models in Words..... | ERIC BERGER | 28 |
| Unveiling Whistler's Mother..... | JEROME MELLQUIST | 34 |
| Seeing America Cheap..... | FRANK JELLINEK | 75 |
| The Unhangable Man..... | PAUL W. KEARNEY | 87 |
| Ten Jobs in the Air Force..... | KENT SAGENDORPH | 95 |
| Parents Are Bad for Children..... | ERIC HOWARD | 105 |
| Merchant of Wrath..... | LOUIS ZARA | 150 |

Short Stories

| | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|-----|
| Benefit Performance..... | ALEXANDER HUNTER | 83 |
| Sin in Storyville..... | HERBERT BOYD MAYER | 143 |

Features

| | |
|--|-------|
| Election Score Card, 1916-1940..... | 19-22 |
| The Gallery of Photographs..... | 39 |
| American Industry: <i>Three Contemporary Paintings</i> | 91 |
| Thought for Food: <i>Fifty Questions</i> | 102 |
| Anniversary Dividend of 32 Memorable Photographs..... | 111 |

Miscellany

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Carleton Smith's Corner..... | 32 |
| Not of Our Species..... | 81 |
| Your Other Life..... | 100 |
| There's Money in It..... | 109 |
| Forgotten Mysteries..... | 148 |
| They Got the Job..... | 155 |

Cover: Color Photograph by Avery Slack

A REASONED PREDICTION THAT THE NAZI MACHINE,
ALREADY SHUNTED OFF THE HIGH ROAD TO VICTORY,
WILL WHIRL ON ONLY TO ITS OWN DESTRUCTION



WHY HITLER CAN'T WIN

by GENEVIÈVE TABOUIS

SHORT of a miracle enabling Hitler to rule over England within the next four weeks—Hitler has lost the game!

His situation today is similar to that of the Kaiser in 1918. His "Great Plan" has been upset—by the battle at Oran, where the British destroyed the main part of the French fleet, and by the attitude of his two allies, Mussolini and Stalin. The plan, if successful, would have enabled him to achieve German hegemony over Europe within three months after the attack on France.

The plan provided that Stalin, Mussolini and the Mikado would each step in to play their role when he beckoned. This was agreed upon last March. His three allies have largely failed him and today he fights his battle alone.

monstrous economic organization which he himself has imposed upon Europe, and today he sees his oil reserves at their lowest ebb. Eventually, he will face two alter-

NOTE: *The editors, sending this article to press in mid-September, could not have chosen a worse time. The air over London was never so black with Nazi planes. There are three reasons for this bold plunge into the editorial crosscurrents. First: the truths stated in the article will still be true, and well worth reading, regardless of the outcome of the Battle of Britain. Second: the prediction, if apparently wrong, may nevertheless turn out to be so only temporarily. Third: Geneviève Tabouis. For eight years foreign editor of "L'Oeuvre" in Paris and now a refugee in the United States, Mme. Tabouis has established herself as a brilliantly intuitive and exceptionally well-informed commentator on world affairs. She is always worth backing despite the odds. Hitler hates her bitterly and has gone out of his way to berate her in his speeches, but—if we may make a prediction of our own—we will yet have the last word.*